THE LIVING AGE.

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SCIENCE AND ROMANCE.

They strive to bind in words the winds' wild race,
In words to curb the salt waves' mad career;
The stars that diaper night's opal face,
And all the world's strange music that I hear,

Are but to them as to the Roman seer,
Whose madness sought the nature of each thing,
Robbing the elements of all their fear,
Yet stilling Fancy that erstwhile did sing.

To them the Winter brings no weeping world,
No tremor ushers in the Spring's new birth,
The gaunt, brown leaves by wild October hurled
Mean not to them the sorrows of the Earth—

Still shall *I* hear the song of flowers to be,
And catch the myriad voices of the Sea.

W. de H. R.

The Contemporary Review.

THE PLAINT OF CERTAIN SPECTRES.

"It is not death that harrows us," they lipped,
"The soundless cell is in itself relief,
For life is an unfenced flower, benumbed and nipped
At unawares, and at its best but brief."

The speakers, sundry phantoms of men gone,
Had risen like filmy flames of phosphor dye,
As if the palest of sheet-lightnings shone
From the sward near me, as from a nether sky.

And much surprised was I that, spent and dead,
They should not, like the many, be at rest,
But stray as apparitions; hence I said,
"Why, having slipped life, hark you back distressed?"

"We are among the few death sets not free,
The hurt, misrepresented names, who come
At each year's brink, and cry to History
To do them justice, or go past them dumb.

"We are stript of rights; our shames lie unredressed,
Our deeds in full anatomy are not shown,
Our words in morsels merely are expressed
On the scriptured page, our motives blurred, unknown."

Then all these shaken ill-writ visitants sped
Into the vague, and left me musing there
On fames that well might instance what they had said,
Until the New-Year's dawn strode up the air.

Thomas Hardy.

The Saturday Review.

PENSIONERS.

My pensioners who daily
Come here to beg their fare,
For all their need dress gaily
And have a jaunty air.
With "Tira-lira-lira—
Now of your charity
Pray help the little brethren
Of noble poverty."

One shines in glossy sable,
One wears a russet coat,
And one who seeks my table
Has red about his throat.
With tira-lira-lira
Gay waistcoat, speckled vest,
Black cap and fine blue bonnet,
They come so bravely dressed.

To all I gladly scatter
In this their time of need,
Heap bread upon their platter
And ask not for my meed,
But in the jocund spring-time
Their songs give back to me
A thousandfold—my brethren
Of noble poverty.

The Westminster Gazette. *W. M. Letts.*

THE INJUSTICE OF WAR ON MEXICO.

Armed intervention in Mexico by the United States means war. Not war upon Huerta, Carranza, Villa, or any other or all of the present leaders of political factions or armed forces, but upon the Mexican people, with whom there is no quarrel. At the present moment national sentiment is apparently dormant among these people. The one thing which would bring out this sentiment, expand and crystallize it, and make it effective in uniting all Mexicans in a common cause, would be the appearance of an armed invader. No written declaration or power of tongue would convince them that their country was not in danger of capture by foreigners, and for the purpose of alien aggrandizement rather than for pacification and ultimate return of the government into their own hands.

Military experts have estimated it would take between 250,000 and 500,000 soldiers to occupy effectively the country to the end that life and property would be safe everywhere, and that this occupation could not be accomplished under a considerable period of time, during which many severe battles would be fought, to be followed by almost interminable guerrilla warfare. In the meantime the life of no foreigner would be safe, and the destruction of native as well as foreign-owned property would be complete.

The material damage to the United States resulting from the conduct of such an invasion would be the loss of thousands of lives, and the enormous cost of the military operations. The material damage to Mexico would be greater by a thousandfold, and the development work of the last fifty years would be practically destroyed, or so crippled that it would be many years before Mexico again reached her present point of advance. A naval blockade of the Mexican ports would be a farce. A dozen war vessels could accomplish the task without difficulty, and the blockade could be maintained until the ships engaged became obsolete, and still it would have little or no effect upon the interior so far as bringing peace and safety to the people was concerned; in fact, it would probably bring even greater disorder and lawlessness than now exists. Political damage resulting to the United States and to the Latin-American countries from armed intervention would be serious. Pan-Americanism would be shaken to its foundations. The United States is still under suspicion as to motives for the interest taken in Central and South American affairs, and it is only after many years of arduous work the Latin-American peoples are beginning to believe the truth, that the United States has no designs upon their territory or their freedom.

The American nation has no just cause for war upon the Mexican people, and that is what armed intervention means, and no matter how beneficent its purpose, what it would lead to in the end. To undertake the pacification of Mexico by force also implies an expansion and elaboration of the Monroe Doctrine to a point where the American nation would assume the international responsibility of maintaining a police force large enough and strong enough to take possession of any disturbed Central or South American country on short notice, and remain until the people of that country were capable of intelligent and peaceful self-government.

It is this larger view of the possible effects of armed intervention in Mexico which is within the vision of Presi-

dent Wilson, and which enables him to resist public clamor at home and abroad, to the effect that the United States should immediately undertake the armed subjection of its neighbor, a free and independent nation, with an area larger than that of France and Germany combined, and a population of 14,000,000, whose foreign trade alone reaches an annual total of £50,000,000 sterling. As President Wilson recently said, a country of the size and power of the United States can afford to wait as long as it pleases for events to adjust themselves; that no one doubted the power, if it was decided to use it; but that in the end a settlement would come from within rather than without, one which would be more permanent and much better for the peace and prosperity of the Mexican people than one brought about by alien force. He also suggested that Americans who were clamoring for action were forgetting they would have to do this thing themselves, if it was done, and that they would have to contribute the lives of their fathers, husbands, and brothers to a cause which was not one of defence of their own, but an interference in the quarrels of others.

European lives and property have been sacrificed to Mexican disorder, but where one European has been killed a score of American citizens have met like fate, and the vast bulk of foreign investment in Mexico is now American-owned. It is also true that the foreign trade of Mexico is largely with the United States, and this has, of course, declined to the minimum in the conditions as they are. No European nation has an interest in Mexico approaching in size or importance the interest of the American people, and if the latter deem it best to wait upon events notwithstanding the daily toll taken of American lives and property, there are good reasons for this waiting, and Europe may fain be content.

This does not mean that the American people are complacently awaiting successful issue of the present policy of the American Government. There is a large faction of impatient spirits who would plunge their country into all the consequences of intervention without a moment's hesitation. The Governor of Texas, with his cowboy rangers, sees no difficulties in the way, because he can engineer a successful raid across the border, and with a handful of men recover the body of a murdered American. Irresponsible newspapers are lashing the Administration at Washington, but no one has ever accused their owners of being statesmen or patriots. The sturdy Westerners, accustomed as they are to dealing with the emergencies of life in the valley of the Rio Grande, do not look beyond things as they are there, and along that border strip of country there is a life into which no questions of high policy enter.

It has always been a problem for the Government at the City of Mexico to handle the border States, and the aid of Americans to the north in suppressing disorder and crime has always been welcome. The extradition law is rarely evoked in that section, for a quick run across the line is far more effective, and saves a lot of expense and red tape. In Tamaulipas, the north-eastern State of Mexico, has been born nearly every revolution which has harried the nation in the past, but these northern bandits have seldom ridden far from home. Nature has placed a great barrier of arid plains, and beyond them are mountain ranges piled one upon the other, across the path to the south. Northern Mexico could be captured, and still the life of a larger part of the nation go on undisturbed in Central and Southern Mexico. The real Mexico lies there,

and it is there that President Huerta is intrenched with the nearest thing to an organized government which now exists in the country.

There are many people who believe that the United States should have recognized Huerta, and that if this had been done some time ago, all trouble would now be at an end. The British Government has been credited with this belief, but whether the Foreign Office thought that way at one time or not, there is little doubt that President Wilson now has the support of the British Government in the position he has taken. The day after he saw the President in Washington, and on the day he left New York for England, Sir Lionel Carden, British Minister to Mexico, stated most emphatically that he now approved of the American policy of non-intervention. "Conditions in Mexico," he said, "are in a confused state. The real cause of all the trouble is due to the easy manner in which bands of brigands are organized, and the facility with which they are able to hide themselves in mountain fastnesses. These brigands are able to murder and plunder, because it is almost impossible to pursue and capture them. Brigandage has become an occupation with many of the countrymen in all the more scarcely settled districts of Mexico. Murders are so common now that the Mexican newspapers scarcely give them any space." From further remarks made by this British representative, it may be gathered more or less definitely what President Wilson is at least hoping for as an outcome of his restraint in the handling of Mexican affairs, for Sir Lionel added that he sincerely believed Huerta would vacate his office so soon as he was able to restore the country to some semblance of order. He also confirmed the belief of those who are familiar with conditions in Mexico, and who know the Mexican people, when he ventured the prophecy that armed intervention would probably unite all warring factions against what the Mexican people would look upon as a common enemy.

Armed intervention by a single nation means war, and it remains to be seen whether order can be restored by the peaceful intervention of a single nation. Armed intervention by a force of allies presents certain difficulties, to be followed possibly by serious complications. Political intervention by an allied diplomatic corps under the leadership of the United States may be the way in which the problem is solved in the end. If the United States, when the right moment arrives, should present an ultimatum to the factional leaders of Mexico's armed and political forces, and the representatives of all other Powers interested signified their approval of, and their intention to support, the position of the United States, there seems reason to believe that the outcome might be successful. This would rest largely with England, for Germany has from the beginning expressed and shown her willingness to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the American Government. Whatever mischief may have been caused at the beginning by the doubt which existed as to England's position would probably be neutralized by the unqualified support the English Government now seems willing to give the American Government in its efforts to bring about an effective settlement of Mexican troubles.

It must always be borne in mind, however, that the troubles in Mexico are inherent, and diplomacy may be ever so willing and so powerful, and yet fail to bring complete relief to a country large areas of which are given over to native rule or brigandage, and with a population hardly open to the reasoning processes which control more civilized communities. Of the

fourteen million people in Mexico, at least twelve millions are Indians of the Aztec type. Even in the time of President Diaz a large section of the population in the south believed itself subject to the rule of a native "King," and knew nothing of the national government so long established in the city of Mexico. When land surveyors were sent into this section of the country, they were promptly murdered. Troops were sent to avenge their death, and discovered this "kingdom," where the authority of the Federal Government was unknown. The result was that while relations were established with this heretofore unknown territory, matters were left practically as they were, to avoid serious native uprisings and warfare. The "King" came to the city of Mexico, and returned to his people well content that he was to be left even in nominal authority.

In north-western Mexico there is one section of the country from which few white explorers have ever returned. The people settled there are cannibals. Near by to this section are the Yaqui Indians, who have been so maltreated by local Mexican officials and soldiers that there is deadly enmity between them. They are a fine race of workers and fighters, now threatened with annihilation through the very energy they have shown in defending what they believe to be their rights. Throughout the great area of the country through which the sixteen thousand miles of railroads are now built, and where industrial and agricultural development is at its best, there are vast numbers of ignorant laborers living from hand to mouth, and practically slaves to their employers through a system of peonage. When the farce of a general election is played, the owners of big ranches, where hundreds of men are employed, notify this or that favorite candidate that these men have voted for him, and the vote is counted, although the "voters" may never have known that an election had come and gone. The writer once suggested to General Porfirio Diaz, then President, that the Constitution of Mexico was modelled after that of the United States. The President smiled and said, "Yes, but it is more ornamental than useful." Then his face grew grave, and he said most earnestly, "What my people want is a strong personal government, and that is what I am giving them."

Mexico never has been a republic except in name. The rule of Diaz was that of a dictator. The only other form of government possible for the country is that of an autocracy; a group of men either dominated by one strong mind and will, or a partnership of several men of such character. The ruler or the rulers of Mexico have held their power through control of an army in which are regiments of convicts, men sentenced to so many years of army service in lieu of going to prison for crimes committed, and a highly efficient and unscrupulous secret police and this will be the only practical and successful method for many years yet to come. The hope of bringing about a fair and representative general election in Mexico is an iridescent dream. The only possible way in which to maintain the fiction of a republican form of government is to bring about a combination of groups of strong men in each province, who will work to the end of a successful Federal organization. This was done by Porfirio Diaz, and it can be done again.

There is little real patriotism among the Mexican leaders. They are generally soldiers of fortune, seeking material gain or power. To succeed in their ambitions they hesitate at no crime, and to retain it, once acquired, they will sacrifice anything or anybody. Murder, either official or "ac-

cidental," is an ordinary and usual path to political preference or retention of office. Porfirio Diaz started his campaign for the Presidency as a minor revolutionist with a handful of followers. There is nothing in his history at that time to single him out as having been different from any of the men now striving for control. His was a case of successful brigandage. There are two oil portraits of this man in the city of Mexico, and to see them side by side is a study in evolution. The one a young, swaggering soldier, no different in appearance from hundreds of Mexican army officers of today. The other a dignified and matured statesman as well as soldier of the kind who can dispense "a strong personal government." The history of modern Mexico from the building of the first railroad to the time when the figures of foreign investment reach into many millions is written between these two portraits.

There has been no change in Mexico, even in recent years, which would warrant any change in the actual form of government, if it is to be successful. In other words, another Diaz must come forward from among the host of Federals or Constitutionalists and prove his right to the title. If such a man appears, it will be profitless to scan his past history for evidence as to his moral character or the means by which he climbed the ladder. The fact that he is the born leader who can bring peace to a distressed people in a ravaged country will be all the credentials he needs. Continued peace is what Mexico must have for her people ever to achieve the ideals set forth in her constitutional law. Progress has been made, but the road is yet long. A ruler or set of rulers who were so far in advance of the governed that there was no understanding or sympathy between them would not long prevail. A successful ruler of Mexico needs not only to be a Mexican, but to share in a large measure in the characteristics of his own people. It has been said that a nation gets the kind of government it deserves, and if this be true, Mexico will not achieve a government such as an Anglo-Saxon community might find ideal, but it can get one which is effective.

With every passing generation the Mexican people are progressing toward possible intelligent self-government. Progress in this direction has had many setbacks, but at no time has the slip entailed complete loss of all that had been gained. The present situation is deplorable, but the power of recuperation is amazing. Scatter the bands of alleged soldiers now in possession of important areas, and put the fear of authority into the hearts of a lawless element, and it would be but a few months before all the signs of the present trouble would have disappeared, and the vender of concessions and "old Aztec mines" would return in the usual numbers to the haunts of the tourist, in search of gullible American or English visitors. The arts of peace in Mexico have ofttimes proved more disastrous than the arts of war, but out of it all has come great and genuine gain for foreign capital as well as for the native.

Any consideration of the Mexican situation and the relations of foreign Governments thereto, including that of the United States, must, to be intelligent and fair, be based upon a correct appreciation of conditions within that country. It is not a case of a strong centralized government misbehaving itself through either sins of omission or commission. Mexico must be looked at as a great area of diversified country inhabited by fourteen million people who are absolutely without effective and disinterested political leadership or form of national government.

It is at present a vast, confused sea of humanity, agitated and bewildered by the success or failure of one or another band of "patriots," or ravaged by brigands in the guise of revolutionists.

To invade Mexico with an armed force for the purpose of bringing about safety for life and property does not mean merely inflicting punishment upon an opposing force. It means taking charge of the whole show, and running it in detail until it is safe to leave it in native hands once more. Such a task as this is possible in a place like Cuba, for instance, though even that was no holiday affair, and on that island the population was, as a whole, friendly and tractable. Occupation of the City of Mexico, or even all of the larger cities, would not necessarily mean control of the whole country, unless the invader acted in conjunction with a large native faction or force friendly to the idea. Such an invasion would be resisted by those who now have armies at their command, and the defeat of one would not mean the defeat of all, and, even if it did, new patriots would arise, each with a following quickly enrolled, for no country on earth can produce a revolutionary leader with a band of fighters at his back quicker than this Central American State. Revolution is a trade in that part of the world, and there are thousands of men who follow and batten upon it.

To invade Mexico would mean to make war upon the Mexican people, a majority of whom are innocent of offence, and, as things are now, have no grievance against the foreigner. That they would have, should foreigners attempt to control their country, is inevitable, and it is to avoid, not only the bill of costs for the American people, but arousing the Mexicans to undying hatred and prolonged resistance, that President Wilson is pursuing his policy of watching and waiting.

The sacrifice of lives and property in the meantime is most deplorable, and it is not unnatural that impatience should be felt universally at prolongation of a situation fast becoming intolerable. The larger view must be taken of the whole matter, however, not only for the sake of foreign interests, but for the sake of the Mexicans themselves. It is this larger view which has been adopted by President Wilson, and to which the Government of Germany has subscribed from the beginning, and to which the British Government has been converted. The thoughtful and dispassionate statement made by Sir Edward Grey at a time when the English people were most naturally in a state of indignation over the murder of a fellow-countryman was most helpful to the Mexican people and those concerned as to their state, for it was along the only road which leads to a peaceful and eventually satisfactory settlement of the trouble, if such a settlement is to be achieved at all. The man most concerned is the President of the United States, and others can afford to give him the free hand he demands to work out a solution of a most difficult and trying problem. There is every reason why he should want to prove he is right, and there are many who have faith that he will do so in the end.

James Davenport Whelpley.

The Fortnightly Review.

DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.

VIII.—*W. B. Yeats.*

It may not seem likely at first glance that Mr. Yeats has added much to the drama written in English in our time, seeing that his plays have been exclusively dedicated to the Irish theatre. But, as I said in my article on J. M. Synge, the plays of the modern Irish literary theatre are written in English, and, when we come to examine them closely, we find that they owe much more to the English drama than is imagined.

The foundation of the modern Irish school of dramatists and poets which numbers among its adherents A. E. Synge, Lady Gregory, James Stephens, Padraic Colum, Joseph Campbell, Shane Leslie and many others, was principally the work of Mr. Yeats. We have several accounts of how the enthusiasts of the Abbey theatre went to work. Mr. George Moore's spirited narration in his trilogy of reminiscences is one of the best.

Some of the plays of Mr. Yeats are written in verse and some in prose. Of the former are "The Land of Heart's Desire," "On Baile's Strand," "The Shadowy Waters," "The King's Threshold," "Deirdre," and "The Countess Kathleen." In prose are "Where There is Nothing," "The Hour Glass," "The Pot of Broth," and "Kathleen Ni Houlihan."

By this we see that the most important of his plays are written in verse and are definitely poetic dramas. It is therefore principally as a writer of modern poetical drama that we must regard Mr. Yeats.

It is a little difficult at first to see in what way Mr. Yeats had helped to mould this particular tradition, to perceive his influence upon the art of compassing tragedy within the powerful metre of the English unrhymed pentameter. Technically his work does not seem to make much alteration in the conventional type of heroic verse drama. Such changes as he brings into the blank verse standard are made rather in spite of himself. They would appear to have been forced on him, whether he sought them or not. The whole question of the use of the heroic line in modern poetic drama would be a burning literary question of the moment, but for one thing—the non-existence of such a drama. It is not for nothing that our literature has a giant like Shakespeare overtopping every one else in his own particular field.

The history of poetic drama in England consists of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans—and their imitators, for to all intents and purposes our poetic drama is in the same stage of evolution as it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have Wilde's "Salome," to be sure, which has the seeds of development in it; we have Synge's "Deirdre," probably the finest poetic drama since Shakespeare's, and we have the ingenious and various attempts of playwrights like Mr. Yeats and Mr. Stephen Phillips to modify the Elizabethan forms of poetic drama to modern usage.

When we examine Mr. Yeats' blank verse as in "The Shadowy Waters" or "Baile's Strand," we find that at any rate we are spared those outrageous bombastic periods, those pseudo-Shakesperianisms, that wearisome grand manner which we are accustomed to in nearly all poetic plays since Shakespeare. Mr. Yeats seeks to get rid of the petrifying effect of conventional heroics by breaking up the five foot line with tri-syllables and inverted accents, or a subtle surplusage

of metre. Thus from "On Baile's Strand":—

CONCHUBAR: There's nothing I can say
but drifts you further
From the one weighty matter. That very woman—
For I know well that you are praising Aoife.

Sometimes he breaks the rhythm entirely as:—

You have never seen her. Ah, Conchubar, had you seen her.

Yet he is still in tremendous awe of the tradition under whose shadow he writes. He clips his syllables like any professor when needs be:—

A brief forgiveness between opposites
That have been hatreds for three times the age
Of their long 'stablished ground.

This wavering, subtle line of Mr. Yeats does certainly give his blank verse a new life. We feel that he is doing something more than merely writing exercises in the Elizabethan manner; and yet the contrary and inevitable thing about it is that his most beautiful passages are those in which he is most regular, in which he uses the heroic line in its strictest form:—

For life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into a common light of common hours
Until old age bring the red flare again.

or

The years like great black oxen tread the world
And God the herdsman goads them on behind.

Sometimes his method produces very poor and scanty lines, lines whose existence is a protest against the form in which they are set, lines that wriggle to be free in comfortable prose. Look at this from "Deirdre":—

Some dozen years ago, King Conchubar found
A house upon a hillside in this wood
And there a comely child with an old witch
To nurse her, and there's nobody can say
If she were human, or of those begot.

That is surely a halting shuffle of words as fairly to be called amateurish as subtle, or:—

You are not of this country, or you'd know
That they are in my charge and all forgiven

where the accent falls usually on the unimportant word.

Mr. Yeats make no technical alterations in the English poetic drama. He takes a few of the accepted variations of the heroic line whereby the effect of monotony may be broken up, and tries to create a blank verse on that basis, using the strict line occasionally as the old men used the broken line to heighten the effect or to give balance.

A more definite and satisfactory contribution to the art he practises is to be noticed in his introduction into his plays of fays and fairies and the whole vague choir of an impalpable demonology. He concerns himself thus with certain aspects of human thought, which, though exclusively Irish in his treatment of them, are yet of universal interest. It may surely seem strange to a later critic of our age that a dramatist of these days could write plays like "The Land of Heart's Desire" or "The Countess Kathleen" with their mediæval mysticism and eerie superstitions now so alien to the language in which they are expressed. For whom, one is inclined to ask, is such a play as "The Land of Heart's Desire" written? It tells of a fay, or a "good person," entering the house of some peasants who are sitting talking to the priest. The fay persuades the father to put the crucifix into another room out of sight and takes away the soul of a girl who is present. One is aware, of course, that there is still a widespread belief in fairies and all such mysterious spirits in Ireland, but such a belief in them as is indi-

cated in this play seems obscurantist and rather affected.

If it is the object of the Irish National theatre to re-awaken the national spirit, it seems hardly a likely way to encourage it by coddling its pretty superstitions. One does not argue about the existence of fairies and such creatures. When one has no personal experience, one says simply they may or may not be, but to present them merely in a picturesque way without any regard to the opposition of modern science seems a lazy method of revitalizing a nation weakened in its self-belief. I fancy there is more of the true spirit of nationalism in Mr. Shaw's satirical contrast of English and Irish ideals in "John Bull's Other Island" than in most of Mr. Yeats' dramas. Even "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" draws its force out of a memory. It exists on "'98," like so much Irish nationalism.

I have not space for a close examination of Mr. Yeats' plays. Perhaps the most dramatic of the poetic dramas is "The Countess Kathleen" with its rich background of the powers of evil, its demon merchants with their gold bands on their foreheads and their bags of sovereigns. Mr. Yeats has packed this little play with more atmosphere than he contrives to get into any of his other dramas. The theme is more universal, the treatment broader, the use of the world of elementals such as "sheogues," "soulths" and "tevishies" made more subordinate to the deeper and essential things of life. It is not always that Mr. Yeats makes a dramatic use of the supernatural, but when he introduces the demons disguised as merchants into the everyday life of the little inn, he provides himself with all the value of a tremendous contrast between the seen and the unseen, the commonplace and the extraordinary, the prosaic and the romantic.

Often enough in his use of the supernatural in his plays, as, for instance, in "The Land of Heart's Desire" he is prone to charge everything with the sense of faëry till the make-believe becomes so obvious that we are no longer under its illusion. Of "Deirdre" we can only say that in spite of some fine lines and a notable invention or so, such as the game of chess that Naisi and Deirdre play while awaiting their death, it is overshadowed by the greater beauty and power in J. M. Synge's play on the same subject. While Mr. Yeats' choicest imagery and his most exquisite lines—and there are many of these—are to be found in his poetic plays definitely written in verse, it is in his prose dramas that we discover his most original writing. In "Where there is Nothing" we have a play which marks a development of the national tradition. Here Mr. Yeats seems to have stepped out of his dreamland of fairies and sentimental nationalism, and to have imported the stronger spirit of the European drama. Tied down to the Ireland of memories and regrets as it is by certain allusions and characteristics, "Where there is Nothing" is fired with a great truth. It has the definiteness, the courage of outlook of a drama which rises above prejudice and fancy and sentiment. Even here Mr. Yeats' fatal bias towards the poetic weakens the reality of the play, just as this same fatal defect in his art weakens the "Countess Kathleen," which with "Where there is Nothing" make his two best plays. Paul Ruttledge is a rebel against the conventionality of life, and startles his friends and relatives by announcing a sudden intention of abandoning his easeful leisured life and travelling about the country with a band of tinkers. Mr. Yeats in working out this idea provides some capital scenes which are among the best in the mod-

ern Irish theatre, but his tendency to pursue a metaphysical absolute, his exaggerated sense of poetical logic, dehumanizes in the end and makes undramatic the climax. In other words, he begins the play on the level of comedy and ends in a mixture of mysticism and metaphysics. The sense of proportion and fitness is outraged. We have the feeling that the drama slipped from his control somehow. The transfiguration of Paul Ruttledge from a lighthearted Bohemian who sups gaily with tinkers and gipsies on the roads into a kind of fanatic strains the spring of the drama. For plays are like clocks and engines of sorts, and have an inherent dynamic which cannot be exceeded. It is from these plays of his that we can see that Mr. Yeats is really more of a mystic than anything else. His mind suffers from the nostalgia for the absolute. We see it again in the "Countess Kathleen," where reality, I mean poetic reality, that is balance—is destroyed by the wilful generosity of the Countess in disposing of her estates and property for the benefit of her peasants. She must give everything, she must exercise a generosity that ceases to be human, that becomes fantastic. She must so beggar herself that she becomes to our eyes no more real than a character in a fairy tale. And indeed that is one of the principal points about Mr. Yeats' plays. They mostly begin as dramas and end in fairy tales. In the "Pot of Broth" we have a little play which does not do this, but preserves a consistent atmosphere throughout. It is a clever little fancy approximating to the light, but very amusing, comedies of Mr. Yeats' brilliant countrywoman and colleague of the Abbey theatre, Lady Gregory.

In writing of these two dramatists one must remember that they have more work to their credit than is evidenced by their published plays. The Irish National theatre was the result of their labors, and the Irish National theatre, disconnected from England, and even hostile to it as it may have been, will in time prove to be a factor in the growth of the English drama itself. For as the movement, unconsciously perhaps, was as much a literary one as a national and political one, and since it has numbered among its dramatists some of the foremost writers in English of our time, it is inevitable that future English authors will derive inspiration from it.

IX.—*Lady Gregory.*

Lady Gregory's work in connection with the Irish National theatre has been duly recognized, but scant tribute has been paid her as a dramatist of the modern school, who has written comedies the equal in delicacy of any of our day. Her output has been considerable. She has at least some fifteen or sixteen plays to her name, ranging from the whimsical comicality of "Hyacinth Halvey" to the grave beauty of "Dervorgilla."

In the matter of technique Lady Gregory brings little to the modern drama. Her plays indeed do not smack of the theatre. They are curiously fresh and unconventional. One might call them sometimes even amateurish, as certainly the notes which she occasionally appends to them are. Thus she says of her "Gaol Gate":—"I like it better than any in the volume, and I have never changed a word of it."

One is tempted to think that of the dramatists of the Irish school she has given the truest presentment of the peasant life and thought of the day. It is a subject on which one should speak carefully unless one has expert knowledge, but there does seem to the reader who knows the Irish peasant only through the works of writers of the modern Irish school, a reality, an atmosphere, a sense of truth about

Lady Gregory's peasant characters that we do not find in Mr. Yeats, for instance. And even in the case of Synge, in spite of the Aran Islands tradition and all the stories about listening to peasants through cracks in the floor, we are conscious of a Gulliver-like sense of distortion such as is exemplified by the "Playboy."

Mr. George Moore, it is true, in quite a recent paper has declared his opinion that Lady Gregory's beautiful speech, "consists of no more than a dozen turns of speech dropped into the pages of English so ordinary, that, redeemed from these phrases, it might appear in any newspaper without attracting attention."

In spite of this one cannot help feeling that Lady Gregory's types are real enough and that her language is real enough too. There is no artifice about speeches such as this, except in the sense that all literature is artificial. Says an old woman of her dead husband—"I tell you there never set his foot on the floor of the world, and never told his secret to a woman so good a man."

It seems to me that in that sentence we get a strong illumination upon the Irish character, about which of course no Englishman is ever supposed to know anything. "His foot on the floor of the world" seems to me a phrase typical of the innocent vain-gloriousness of the race, the kind of bragging *naïveté* that we speak of as blarney. And "never told his secret to a woman so good a man" is an expression, Biblical in its primitive strength, which reveals all the earth-redolent realism which clings to the Irish like the smell of peat to their cabins.

Some of the speeches of Malachi, the Mountainy Man in that curious play, the "Image," have the same kind of tang. They, like so much of the dialogue put into the mouths of peasants and simple folk, are illumined with a certain far-fetched glory in which sparkle quite definitely real gems of fantasy and fun. These peasants of Lady Gregory talk often enough like intoxicated poets. In their grand images there is something too wild and extravagant, while their trivialities are often turned into pieces of the happiest wit.

Says Malachi in the "Image" in a full flavored speech:—

The towns do be in uproar, and do be crowded, and the roads do be wet and wide, and as to the villages, there is spies in them and traitors and people you wouldn't like to be talking with. For venomous they are, and too corrupted with drink. I'd like to keep my own company, and I to have no way of living but the berries of the bush.

The way in which the stone-cutter Coppinger in the same play tails off his braggadocio with the daintiest of mocking images is very charming.

I never would go back before any enemy at all, so long as my life would last. I tell you I never felt so merry in my life, and no bad bones about me. I wouldn't be afraid of the worst thing you could meet, *a bee coming to sting you, or whatever it might be.*

And here is a man anxious to convey to his hearers the fact of his being a scholar and a man of parts:—

Travelled I did in the army, and attended school, and I young, and slept in the one bed with two boys that were learning Greek.

It is all very well for Mr. Moore to say that this dialect, this rollicking, rich and flavorous talk which Lady Gregory puts into the mouths of her characters, is a pure literary invention as divorced from the truth as the stage Irishman who only exists as an illustration, but the fact remains that if this is so, it is a very happy invention.

Of Lady Gregory's comedies perhaps the most famous is "Hyacinth Halvey," a very excellent piece of delicate fooling. Here, as in many other

of her plays, the influence of Molière is to be seen, for Lady Gregory owes a great deal to the Frenchman, of whom it will be remembered she has prepared an Irish version, written in the special language of the Irish peasantry, or the Irish National theatre, or both, as the case may be. This little comedy goes with rare spirit and only in one scene does it flag or betray a shaky technique—I refer to the one where Fardy Farrell and Hyacinth are equivocating about the question of the church robbery.

Hyacinth Halvey is a young man who comes to take up a position in a small town. He is supported with overwhelming testimonials which convict him of being a person of such excessive worth and virtue that in desperation he sets out to do something wicked. He cannot bear to find himself treated as a paragon, so he steals a sheep from a butcher's shop, only to earn the gratitude of the shopkeeper, as the meat was unfit for consumption, and Hyacinth's removal of it coincided with the arrival of an inspector. Hyacinth in desperation now asks some one what is the worst thing he can do; and robbing the church is suggested. With the help of Fardy Farrell he does so, but this escapade serves him no better, for he gives the proceeds of the robbery—the nest-egg half crown from the collection plate—to Fardy, on whom it is discovered. When he attempts to assert his guilt, none will believe but what he is making yet another heroic gesture and attempting to save the culprit at his own expense. It is in this scene where the question as to who really robbed the church is discussed that the play shows weakness. The dramatist does not quite convince us that Hyacinth was necessarily forced into acquiescence concerning his innocence.

In the "Jackdaw" we have another very amusing trifle, full of ingenuity and happy turns of wit. The central situation which provokes most of the comedy arises thus. A Mrs. Broderick who keeps a small shop in a country town is about to be summoned before the magistrates for a £10 debt. Her brother, who lives at a distance, is willing to come to her assistance, but would rather she did not know of the fact lest her gratitude should lead her to expect further favors. With the boy who minds her shop the brother discusses plans by which the money may appear to have been miraculously disbursed. In the end the brother goes out of the shop, leaving the matter to Nestor's ingenuity. When Mrs. Broderick returns, Nestor, the boy, has an inspiration and tells her that a man has called and bought her jackdaw for £10. The widow goes to the court, and in her fulness of heart tells the bench the whole story, with the result that nearly every one in court, including the brother who came to the rescue, go off hunting jackdaws in order to sell them to the eccentric stranger, to whom the bench issues an invitation to lunch. So whimsical a situation gives opportunity, as may be imagined, for much humorous and witty dialogue.

When we come to look at Lady Gregory's serious plays, the dramas written upon incidents in Irish history and folk-lore, we find a great falling away from the standard of the comedies. The language, we then see, instead of becoming fuller and more profound, has lapsed into a mechanical emptiness. Of the three tragedies, "Grania," "Kincora," and "Dervorgilla," the latter attains a certain grandeur and beauty. A tragic irony sustains it, and in language it is the best of the three. One is not sure whether it is a certain anxiety to avoid the melo-dramatic at all costs which occasionally causes Lady Gregory to tone down the dramatic points

of her tragedies until they are almost within measurable distance of anti-climax.

Dervorgilla is an old woman who, in the days of her beauty and youth, assisted through the fascination she was able to exercise over men and through the devices of her coquetry in bringing the Gall (the English) into Ireland, and so earning the endless hatred of her fellow-countrymen. She has become old and wrinkled, and lives in a convent where none know her secret save a faithful servant, who loves her still. To the countryside, harassed when the play opens by the English soldiery, she is simply a Lady Bountiful, gracious of mien and of queenly dignity, who is a friend of the poor and a rewarder of virtue. She gives prizes to some men at a tournament which is in progress, but her identity becomes known and all her past contrition, all the love which she has awakened in the hearts of the young people who live near her, avail her nothing. The spirit of Ireland claims her as its revenge, since for the traitor there is no forgiveness. One by one, in a silence that is truly tragic, those to whom she has given prizes and favors come and lay them at her feet and depart in unforgiving silence. The closing scene of "Dervorgilla" is truly impressive.

One hardly knows what to make of "Grania." It is an ambitious drama, but it is not a success. One does not know how much of the story of her play Lady Gregory owes to history, and how much is the fruit of her own invention, but the plot of "Grania," as she has written it, is essentially an undramatic one, containing as it does a romantic improbability of the first order. Romantic subjects do not lend themselves to any but romantic treatment as a general rule. The stories in the "Morte d'Arthur," for instance, are best left to Malory, and the story of Grania and Diarmuid is a story of this type. We are faced with the idea of a lover who is true to a promise given to his rival rather than to his beloved. In pursuance of his quixotic devotion to his fixed idea he wanders about Ireland for seven years in companionship with Grania, who, however, does not live with him as his wife. It is only when, after these seven years of his wandering, his jealousy is awakened through seeing another man make love to his companion that he openly declares himself Grania's lover. Such a subject can be successfully and convincingly treated in a ballad, perhaps, or in a romantic narrative where the setting is pretentious and high-falutin', but it crumbles upon the stage. "Grania" is without a tragic logic. It is not strictly a drama at all. It is an *impasse*. For no character in it is sympathy awakened in the reader or spectator. In the opening scene we are convinced of the unsympathetic character of Finn by the fact that the woman who is about to marry him goes to the arms of a stranger whom she has only seen once before. Finn is presented to us as old and unlovable in the beginning, but at the end of the play we have to throw aside this impression which the dramatist has been at pains to create, because she shows us that it was Finn who was really the hero all the time. Our respect for Diarmuid, whom we like easily enough when he enters in dashing style in the first act and wins Grania's love by his prowess and his beauty, is subjected to a severe strain when he undertakes his fantastic seven years' pilgrimage in the wilderness. We look to him to fight his rival Finn instead of sacrificing himself and Grania for the letter of a self-imposed vow. Grania herself, too, who is really magnificent in the first act, and a woman of quite Shakespearean vigor and directness, rather

passes out of comprehension in the second act. The woman who so boldly and simply declares her love for a man who is but a stranger to her is not the woman to undergo the humiliations to which Diarmuid subjected her.

Then the rest of the drama hangs upon changes of mind on the part of the characters that are so arbitrary that we cannot believe in them. The life-long devotion of Grania to Diarmuid, which has survived the seven years' wandering in the wild places of Ireland, is dissipated in a moment at the death-bed of Diarmuid, who addresses his dying words to Finn instead of to his wife. Finn is equally subject to vagaries, for after having laid his kingdom waste for years and pursued Grania relentlessly, his passion suddenly deserts him. This kind of thing is all very well in a psychological novel, but in a tragedy the characters must give the impression of being actuated by forces stronger than themselves, otherwise we can do them no reverence. There is some beautiful language in "Grania," but Lady Gregory cannot write a majestic line as easily as she can write a whimsical or realistic one.

"Kincora" is a historical play, and suffers from being kept too closely to the history with which it is concerned. Of the tragi-comedies "The Canavans," "The White Cockade," and "The Deliverer," "The White Cockade" is the best. In these plays Lady Gregory is more at her ease. She excels in observation and in reflected experience of life. She creates rather by suggestion than by the projection of ideal images of humanity. Her tragedies lack the noble extravagance of this type of literature. Often they fall into what is little more than chatter, illuminated by picturesque phases. Now in comedy, chatter, wit, observation, and fantasy make excellent ingredients, but they are far too comfortable and homely things for the stark outline of heroic drama.

Lady Gregory has written comedies which are not only the best comedies of the Irish National theatre, but which compare favorably with any that the English theatre has produced in the last twenty years or so. Her tragedies, however, full of fine lines and strong passages as they are, are too uneven and flimsy ever to establish themselves permanently in any repertory.

Edward Storer.

The British Review.

OUR ALTY.

By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell).

CHAPTER V.

Fazackerly's cart was late; Dennis Royton paced impatiently about, chafing at the delay and wondering as to its cause.

Had there perchance been an accident? But that was improbable: the road was soft, the pony was safe; the girl, moreover, could drive well. It was more likely carelessness, or want of punctuality; or perhaps that blue-eyed Amazon was dallying with some rustic lover. This last supposition was the most possible but the least bearable.

Dennis's brow was heavy with wrath when the small vehicle, advancing at a snail's pace, came at length in sight. The driver's seat was occupied by a big man, sitting very much at his ease, his knees almost touching his chin—for his legs were over-long for the space allotted to them—who whistled to himself, flick-

ing carelessly at the pony's sides with the reins as it crept along.

"You are disgracefully late," cried Dennis irritably, when this personage came within earshot. "I and the men have been hanging about for nearly half an hour!"

"Ah," said John, straightening himself, "I'm a bit heavy for pony, ye see."

"I should think you were. It's a fool's trick for a fellow like you to sit behind that little beast. Where's the other—ah—driver?"

John's sea-blue eyes wandered from the distant horizon to the flushed countenance of his interlocutor, rested there a moment or two, taking note of its extreme youth and evident excitement, and then roamed away.

"She's not coming no more," he observed.

"Has she been dismissed?"

"No," said John, bringing down his eyes again.

"What's the meaning of the change then? I'm not going to submit to delays of this kind, I can tell you."

"There'll not be no delays," said John, ignoring the previous remark. "I'll send a lad this evening."

"But what's the meaning of it?"

"Well, I don't think the meaning of it is anybody's business but mine. I manage matters my own way, you see. Sometimes I send one o' my folks, an' sometimes I send another, jest as I find it convenient. Milk 'ull be here up to time this arternoon."

"Oh, you're Farmer Fazackerly, are you? I don't exactly understand——"

Dennis broke off—his voice, indeed, was drowned by the clatter of the empty milk-cans which his men, at a sign from John, were lifting into the cart.

"Good day," said John, when the din had subsided.

He smiled to himself presently, when, having turned the pony, he found himself jogging away a little more rapidly than he had come, but by and by looked grave.

"He's young," he said to himself; then after a half-mile or so: "So he took it on his own responsibility, did he?" and yet again when a further interval had elapsed: "Time to put a stop to it."

Alty spent a strenuous day: she "delved," she plied her scythe so energetically as to imperil her own shins and the extremities of any household animal which wandered incautiously within reach of the wide sweep of her vigorous arms; she grubbed up weeds galore, and uprooted plants which were dead or unsightly. She did not conclude her labors until long after the departure of the milk-cart, which set forth on its second round under the auspices of an elderly farm hand, selected by John for this honor, as a choice likely to be less offensive to Alty than one of the younger lads.

"Eh," gasped the girl, when she stopped at length, straightening herself and stretching her aching arms, "I reckon I've done a pretty good day's work—warmed mysel' up as how 'tis—I doubt I've never been so hot i' my life."

Fanning herself with her hat, she made her way homewards. Mrs. Orrell's kitchen was even warmer than usual, the teapot stewing on the hob, and a dish of buttered toast simmering in front of the fire. The old lady herself was sitting by the window (which was hermetically closed) darning a stocking. She did not look up as the girl entered.

"My word, yo're pretty hot in here!" ejaculated Alty. "Yo're keepin' up a big fire, aren't yo', Grandma?"

Mrs. Orrell, still scrutinizing her stocking, observed to the world at large that when folks chose to come home that late, "a body 'ud expect a bit o' gratitude for keepin' their vittles

hot for them." But there was no gratitude to be found anywhere these days.

Going out into the tiny back kitchen Alty performed copious ablutions at the tap, and, presently returning, took her place at the table.

"I doubt I *am* a bit late," she observed cheerfully. "I'm glad yo' didn't wait for me."

Mrs. Orrell snorted, but vouchsafed no other expression of opinion.

"I've got a new job, ye see," pursued her granddaughter. "Gardenin'! that's what I'm agate o' now, and I wanted to get for'ard a bit."

Mrs. Orrell sniffed, and, raising her eyes a moment from the heel of the stocking, glanced meaningly out of the window, as though to intimate that other gardens besides Fazackerly's required attention.

"That's reet," agreed Alty, responding to the unspoken hint. "I'll get at yon early to-morrow mornin'. I'm that stiff now, an' that hot, I don't think I could tackle it to-night."

"Oh, o' course not," said Mrs. Orrell sarcastically. "When I wer' yoong it used to be said charity begins at home, but yoong folks nowadays have changed that. Their own home an' their own kin is the last they thinks on."

"Eh, Grandma, I'm sure I slave to keep a comfortable home for yo'," ejaculated Alty, stung into protesting.

"An' saucin' them as brought them up," pursued Mrs. Orrell, still apparently addressing some unseen third party, for she never glanced at her grand-daughter.

She rose now, collected her working materials, and retired majestically into the inner apartment.

Alty sat still a minute or two longer, blinking away the tears which an acute sense of injustice had evoked. She thought of the Fazackerly's large, cool parlor, of the appetizing meal spread on the big oak table—a meal of which she herself had been invited to partake, but which she had declined in order to hurry home to this. She glanced round the stifling room with much disfavor. What had she hastened back for? A cup of tepid bitter tea, a plateful of greasy toast—"an' Grandma that dunchy there was no sayin' a word to her."

Out of doors the sky was gorgeous with approaching sunset, the breeze was lifting the leaves of the apple tree; the fowls were clucking drowsily as they pecked their evening meal.

"She's fed them, too," said Alty to herself. "I've nowt to do here. I'll side these things an' go out a bit. I'd sooner have an apple or two nor this stuff."

Hastily removing her own untasted meal, and performing the ceremonial of washing-up with equal celerity, she was about to instal herself on a kitchen chair under the apple tree when a sudden thought struck her.

"I'll tidy me a bit and go for a walk along the shore. Sea-breeze 'ull cool me."

Mounting the ladder-like stairs to her own little room under the roof, she changed her blue pinafore and the faded frock beneath, for a new cotton —lilac, as a tribute to her departed Grandfather—and a white hat, which had been her Sunday-best before mourning for the last-named old gentleman had necessitated a black one. Descending the stairs cautiously lest Grandma should emerge from her lair, she went out of doors, and having surreptitiously provided herself with a pocket full of apples, took her way across the fields at the rear of the village till she reached a by-path which led circuitously to the shore.

She would not go near the camp, she said to herself, nor within hail of any of Fazackerly's customers. It would be too humiliating to be obliged

to own that she was no longer to be entrusted with the cart.

That portion of the shore towards which she made her way was lonely enough; the sand-hills which sheltered it from the mainland were uninhabited save by a few wild birds; there were no children at play on the beach; no cocklers busy on the expanse of sand left wet by the retreating tide.

Alty climbed one of the sand-hills and sat down on the yielding star-grass; then she took off her hat, and, producing the apples from her pocket, fell to munching them with right good will. The breeze lifted the little tendrils of hair that curled over her brow, and creeping beneath the wide old-fashioned sleeves of her frock set them flapping with deliciously cooling effect.

"It *is* Alty," said a voice which made her start and look round. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken."

The girl stared, for though the voice was familiar, the aspect of its owner was not; a moment or two passed before she discovered the identity of the tall young gentleman in the white flannel suit, whose dark face looked strange under the shadow of its broad-brimmed felt hat.

"What, don't you know me!" exclaimed Dennis, dropping on the ground beside her. "I knew you in a minute, though you have made yourself so fine."

"I'd niver seen yo' nobbut dressed like a soldier," explained Alty. "Yo' look different now."

She took another bite out of her apple and eyed him reflectively as she chewed it.

"Haven't you got an apple to spare for me?" he inquired. "Don't be greedy. I'm sure you can't eat five."

"I haven't had no tea," said Alty dubiously; but she flicked an apple towards him with the point of her brown finger nevertheless.

"I'm not a soldier at this present moment," remarked Dennis, somewhat indistinctly, for he had bitten deep into the pippin. "I'm off duty and a private individual. I'll tell you a secret—I'm heartily sick of soldiering. I shall chuck the Territorials when this training is over."

"'Tis a wonder yo' j'ined," remarked the girl.

"Misplaced enthusiasm on my part," returned he. "I was bitten with the idea—it's rather a fine idea, you know, in theory, but it's rotten in practice, I don't mind telling you so. It's too much of a good thing to be ordered about by all these counter-jumpers. My captain's a chandler."

Alty threw away the core of her apple, and began upon another; she ventured upon no remark.

"It's not that I'm stuck-up, Heaven knows," resumed he. "I'm a democrat to the finger-tips. But there's a fitness in all things. I say, why have you given up driving the milk-cart?"

Alty's face clouded over.

"Mester Fazackerly wouldn't let me," she explained. "He reckons I shouldn't be knockin' about so much wi' lads, an' he doesn't fancy me goin' to the camp."

"Doesn't he, indeed?" exclaimed Dennis.

The admission seemed to displease him enormously; he sat lowering at the girl from under the shadow of his hat-brim; his half-eaten apple poised between his fingers.

"He's an interfering sort of man, I suppose," he observed presently. "Does he bother you much in other ways?"

"Nay," rejoined Alty, "he don't bother me at all. I'm gardenin' now, an' he's lettin' me go about it in my own road—jest cooms an' looks at me now an' again, an' then goes away."

"Looks at you, does he?" ejaculated Dennis. "Pretty often too, eh?"

He threw back his head with a short, angry laugh.

Alty gazed at him seriously, and in evident surprise, but made no rejoinder. Though he scrutinized her closely, the young man could detect no self-consciousness in her clear gaze. Stretching himself at full length on the ground and supporting his chin on his hands, he said solemnly:

"Well, you know, Alty, you are very good to look at."

Alty laughed incredulously as she selected her third apple.

"Grandma doesn't think so. Grandma will never admit I'm good, no matter how I try."

Dennis laughed again and continued to gaze at her in silence, half piqued, half fascinated. Was this attitude of hers simplicity or art?

"I'm sure you're good," he said, after a pause. "When I look at you I feel inclined to reverse the proverb and say 'Handsome does that handsome is.'"

Alty, who had been in the act of taking a bite, paused to consider this reversal of ideas, and repeated the words doubtfully:

"'Handsome does that handsome is!' Nay, I don't howd wi' that. I've knowed some bonny folks as wasn't good—theer's a lass up our way as is awfu' bonny, an' she's that set up an' that silly—wearin' her mother's brass on fallals—eh, my word, nobray could say *she* wer' good."

It was Dennis's turn to stare now; Alty's energetic flow of language was as unintelligible to him as his higher flights were to her; and he felt an increasing irritation at her impersonal attitude.

"Never mind about other lasses," he said crossly. "I was talking of *you*, Alty. I say I believe you are as good as you are pretty. You must know you are pretty, I should think. Probably that is the reason that Farmer Fazackerly comes so often to look at you."

Alty colored, at first with pleasure, but afterwards with indignation. His somewhat barefaced compliment had evoked a smile of unmistakable delight, speedily effaced, however, by his reference to her master.

"I don't believe no such thing," she cried hotly. "Our gaffer's not that sort—he's summat better to do nor gawkin' at wenches. I'd think shame for anyone to hear yo'. Eh, dear, a gradely man like Mester Fazackerly—and as owd as he is—eh, he'd ha' left school afore I were born!"

She paused, her indignation increasing rather than diminishing.

"An' I'm not one as could abide that mak' o' wark. I'm not one as 'ud like to have folks starin' at me because they thought me bonny. Eh, I couldn't go about my business wi' any comfort if I had to keep thinkin' this one was lookin' at me, an' that one was lookin' at me."

Dennis gazed at her confounded: there was no mistaking the sincerity of her resentment; this girl, who had on several occasions openly expressed her preference for lad's work and, presumably, lads' society, was apparently devoid of the ordinary sentiments of her sex where the opposite one was concerned.

As the boy gazed at her the idea came to him that it might be a duty as well as a privilege to awaken in her some feminine emotion. She was indubitably attractive, but there was something wrong about this lack of responsiveness, something disappointing: she was incomplete for all her beauty and quaintness.

"Do you want to eat this 'ere apple?" queried she. "'Tis the last."

"No, thank you—Eve!" replied he.

"Whatever mak's yo' call me that?" she rejoined, eyeing him suspiciously.

"I call you that because you are like Eve. She had to find out things by degrees, hadn't she?"

"She knew more than Adam, anyhow," retorted Alty with spirit. "I've allus thought Adam a bit of a fool. Doin' wrong the minute the woman told him—an' then runnin' an' tellin' about it."

"*You* wouldn't do that," said he, watching her.

"I wouldn't do wrong—not for nobry. I wouldn't let mysel' be persuaded by nobry, I mean," she said. "I met do wrong o' mysel'—I doubt everybody does that sometimes, but I wouldn't let mysel' be drawed into it—an' I wouldn't tell tales at arter," she added decidedly.

Then she rose to her knees, shaking the apple pips from her dress.

"I mun be goin' home now."

"No, don't go yet," he pleaded. "This is the only cool, peaceful moment I have known to-day. You might have a little pity on me—there's nobody at the camp I care to exchange a word with."

"It's not so very cool here," answered Alty, putting her hand to her hot face, which, indeed, had burned ever since his allusion to Farmer Fazackerly's possible admiration. "Breeze is dropped, ye see. The sun fair bakes these sand-hills all day."

"Think what it is in the camp, shut in as we are. Alty, I can't conceive your ever doing wrong of yourself; how do you mean? What is it you'd do?"

"Why this is wrong," said Alty, with some triumph.

Dennis almost started. So she was not so unconscious, after all—she could perfectly well realize the unconventionality of their meeting!

"I ought to be weedin' cabbages at home," resumed she, with evident gusto; "an' I'm not doin' it—*that's* wrong. An' I'm thinkin' o' takin' a short cut home."

Her eyes, dancing with mischief, conveyed the idea that more lay behind the words than the literal sense betrayed.

"What kind of short cut?" he asked coaxingly.

"Why, through wood yonder," nodding in the direction of a certain plantation which lay between the sand-hills and the village. "Ah," she continued gleefully, "'tis fenced all round, an' there's 'Trespassers will be prosecuted' wrote up on all sides—but I know a way in—*that's* wrong, but I'm goin' home that road."

"Take me with you," said Dennis persuasively.

Alty gazed at him doubtfully.

"Nay, you're a stranger," she rejoined; "it 'ud be worse for you to trespass nor me, an' ye'd maybe do some damage. *I* don't do no damage, so I don't feel nowt on my conscience. But folks fro' the camp didn't ought to go trapesin' about i' yon wood, disturbin' the game. Ye see 'tisn't only yo'," she added; "the other soldiers yon mid see yo' an' want to follow yo'."

"Alty, I tell you I'm not a soldier now. I promise, if you like, only to go when you are there and to walk in the paths you show me. Come, don't be foolish—it must be deliciously cool in there. Why shouldn't I enjoy myself as well as you?"

"Eh, well," said Alty, considering, "if you'll promise all that I'll let yo' coom—but yo'll keep yo'r word?"

"I always keep my promises," said he.

"So do I," said Alty, rising. "Well, yo' can coom wi' me if yo'n a mind."

(To be continued.)

THE TYRANNY OF ALCOHOL.

The world has had during the last two or three hundred years to submit to several tyrannies[1] based on vested interests, custom (and customs duties!), ignorance, and the dread of independence in thought and action which characterizes the majority of men, women and children. There is, of course, the sprinkling of bullies in word and deed who contrive to impose their opinions on the rest of the world, or who prevent or delay reforms. Fortunately, there is also a sprinkling, about equal in numbers, of courageous and independent people—prophets and martyrs they often are—who introduce reforms and in the long run prevail against the bullies.

We have suffered under many tyrannies during the last hundred years. There was the tyranny of the slave trade and the principle of slavery, which British and American philanthropists and Governments had to fight with such difficulty between 1800 and 1864. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were informed from the Press and pamphlet, from Chambers of Commerce, and even sometimes from the pulpit, that slavery was a divine institution, and could not be abolished without causing the irretrievable ruin of the West Indies, of Cape Colony, or of the Southern States of the American Union. There has been the tyranny of the Bible, which long held science in fetters, and disfigured English nomenclature with ugly, unsuitable and mispronounced Hebrew "Christian" names. There has been the tyranny of the crinoline and the petticoat, of the tall silk hat, of hair-oil, and pomatum, the tyranny of uninteresting ball games, of the Protestant Sunday, of the five-course dinner, of the uncut pages (the issuing of books and pamphlets with uncut pages should be made a penal offence), of the dangerous hansom-cab and the disease-infected four-wheeler; many tyrannies large and small, for the most part suffered patiently, without protest, until some impertinent individual of the George Bernard Shaw breed asked why such things should be, and at first had his letters to *The Times* declined with printed thanks, next was rebuked by a *Times* leader, but finally rallied to his side sufficient support—generally in aristocratic and even in Royal circles—and lo! the reform was carried. Now, thanks to such pioneers, we can wear any other hat-gear than the detestable, uncomfortable, expensive and easily-spoilt silk-hat, and yet not be looked on as pariahs or foreign suspects. We can declare ourselves vegetarians or non-eaters of dinners, thank heaven for the motor-taxi and refuse the hansom in one of its last lingering places—Cambridge, and not be thought eccentric. Women are daring to be wholesome, active and comfortable in their clothing, by discarding the noisome petticoat and other relations of the farthingale. But one of the strongest and most lasting of tyrannies is that of the alcohol which is imposed on us in three-fourths of the public advertisements, in thousands of circulars distributed through the post, and even to some extent yet by medical advice and by the stress of public life.

When the present writer was a boy, even a little boy, he noticed that a glass of wine produced disagreeable results due (as he now learns) to various forms of blood-poisoning, while in

[1] Mr. Israel Zangwill has recently invented to express this kind of mental insularity, this imperviousness to reason, common sense, and a wide outlook, the term "autocosm." The British nation, faithful to the epigram of Voltaire, is a prey to one hundred autocosms, the French people is one vast autocosm, the German Empire is ruled by three autocosms, the United States by three hundred.

youth and manhood any recourse to stronger drinks induced more serious harm. He was, in fact, born to be a teetotaller, and any departure from this rule brought about ill-health. Yet having a keen sense of taste in what was delicious to the tongue or the nose, he felt to the full the attractions of port in Portugal, of the delicious wines of Northern Italy, the best clarets in the West of France, and burgundy which tasted as it smelt, of the grape on the hillside; of the wines of Greece, of Tunis, of Southern Spain. But to him, as to many others in similar case whose constitution has been affected by long residence in the tropics, alcohol even in the form of the lightest beer and lightest wine is a poison which, if indulged in for many weeks, would infallibly lead to disease and death. Health and life have consequently to be purchased by a complete renunciation. He knows by a ramification of inquiries that in this direction, so far from standing alone, he is a type of at least a million or two of men and women in the British Islands, and a greater number still in North America. In fact, it would seem as though the Anglo-Saxon race of man has been evolving in the direction which makes alcohol more and more poisonous to the constitution. It is possible that the people of Russia, Germany, Scandinavia, France, Spain and Italy, have stronger kidneys, can eliminate alcoholic poisoning better than the English-speaking peoples. It would be absurd to say at the present time that the mass of Germans should give up beer and Rhine wines, that the French people should renounce claret, burgundy and champagne, or the Spaniards and Portuguese the natural unfortified wines of their own production. The increase in the birth-rate and the patently fine physique of the Spanish people show that wine-drinking does them no harm, and they are to a great extent at the present time still free from the undeniable curse of distilled alcohol. But in Germany it is equally clear, from such statistics as can be obtained, that a proportion of the nation *is* ill-affected by its addiction to strong waters—schnapps, kirsch, whisky, or under whatever name distilled alcohol passes amongst them. This is realized in Germany by no person more thoroughly and outspokenly than by the German Emperor himself, who in his repeated adjurations against intemperance, and above all spirit-drinking, lends himself to constant quotation by the anti-alcohol reformers. My last three years' experiences of the German Empire impress on me the fact that spirit-drinking is either less than it was formerly, or that its effects at any rate are less obvious. It is not nearly so easy to see a drunken man in the streets or on the quays at Hamburg as it is at Glasgow or Belfast. The terrific alcoholism which prevailed in the German African colonies during the last years of the nineteenth century is no more. Many of the German colonial pioneers and administrators are total abstainers, or at most drink a little light beer.

Yet the tyranny of alcohol bears hardly in Germany and in France on those who are complete teetotallers for their health or for any other reason. The International Dining-car Company —or whatever it is that runs the restaurant arrangements in Continental train services—still penalizes travellers who desire to drink only water or mineral water, by making them pay a fine or by overcharging them egregiously for very inferior effervescent drinks. So it is also throughout France, Belgium, much of Italy, and much of Germany and Austria; the tourist who dare not drink beer or wine for health reasons, and who is afraid of water because of uncertainty

in regard to typhoid infection, is reduced virtually to gaseous and not very wholesome liquids from syphons or bottles, or to perpetual tea or coffee; and tea and coffee drunk to excess are nearly as harmful as alcohol. In Spain, curiously enough, where the native population drinks wine to such a considerable extent, it is far easier to get good, pure cold water than in most other European countries. As all who have travelled in Spain are aware, very cold or iced water is served to you if asked for or not, no matter what meal you may order. This practice is coming into force in Brussels and Paris restaurants, but the iced water thus served not infrequently has a queer taste, connected probably with the chemicals that have made the ice. It is only in the United States that, no matter how barbarous the district may be or how highly civilized, iced water is abundant and cheap to the point of being a gratuity. I scarcely think there is a train in the United States territory, even quite disconnected with the great routes of travel, which is not kept well supplied with good iced water for the use of the passengers. Cold water, really cold, pure water, is the most thirst-quenching and the most wholesome drink in the world, and one of the least easily obtainable in civilized countries. In some towns it is not to be had for love nor money.

Alcohol, chiefly in its worst form of distilled spirit, is and has been the bane of Russia during the last two hundred years, keeping the masses in a degraded condition which in some districts approaches semi-savagery, inflaming the passions of the police, the soldiery, and the town mobs, causing great deterioration in the character of the women of the lower classes, notably spoiling the efficiency of the clergy and general officers in Army or Navy. The class which is freest from the curse in Russia is probably the great middle-class, the professors, the engineers, and doctors. It is from this sound core of the Russian people—the great middle and professional class—that the protests against Government encouragement, even enforcement, of alcoholism have principally sprung. It is this class, we hope, which will more and more make Russia a free Empire of constitutional government, discarding such an odious method of raising revenue as that of a State monopoly in the sale of alcohol which is thrust on the acceptance of the people as a drink. Finland, in her desire for national fitness, would be a prohibitionist country were it not for the objection of her Tsar Grand-Duke and the interference of France—anxious to push her wines and brandies.

Ireland, if her affairs were directed by really sapient and patriotic men, would be a prohibitionist country in which the manufacture of whisky was made unprofitable by heavy duties or its sale for human consumption forbidden. (Here, as elsewhere throughout the world, no difficulties whatever should be placed in the way of the manufacture of alcohol *as a chemical agent*, provided that it was made undrinkable, and its sale and use surrounded by the same precautions as those of other poisons.) Most of the troubles of Ireland have arisen from the abuse of alcohol from the middle of the eighteenth century onwards. The native gentry ruined themselves with wine and brandy, and then all classes alike took to the avid consumption of whisky, a condition which down to about twenty years ago went far to maim and neutralize one of the finest peoples of the world. Who that travelled much about the British Empire in the latter half of the nineteenth century could have been unaware of the extent to which whisky-drinking

spoiled the prospects of the Irish professional and middle-class representatives abroad—Irish surgeons and doctors, Irish barristers, soldier-officers, journalists, actors, sculptors, and vocalists? The peasant class of later years has abused tea or has taken to ether as a stimulant. Conditions in Ireland at the present day are much better than they were. The clergy of all denominations tend towards total abstinence. The professional classes and the Anglicized gentry (many of the old Irish families simply died out through drink and were replaced by landholders of entirely English or Scottish stock) are ashamed of the ill-regulated lives led by their fathers and grandfathers, and many of their representatives have a horror of alcohol which rivals that of the present writer. Still, when all deductions are made, whisky-drinking is the principal curse that rests on Ireland at the present day.

It is a curse which is only beginning to lift from Scotland, thanks to the measure of temperance reform passed by the present Government a year ago, but a notable improvement had been visible in Scottish conditions—more especially in the big towns—before the passing of this measure. Four years ago I visited Glasgow (a city to which I have paid many visits in the course of my life) and still had the drunkenness of its lower orders forced on my attention. I went far and wide about the city—rapidly becoming one of the best-ordered and handsomest towns in the world—in the spring of 1913, and the only drunken people I saw were a few seafaring men in the outlying suburbs by the river-side. Down to a period of about ten years ago it was no uncommon thing to see all the porters at any large Scottish railway station more or less tipsy with whisky in the afternoon. Who that has reached middle age or old age and has travelled much about the world cannot recall many instances of brilliant Scotchmen of exceptional ability closing their lives in disease, dishonor, and discarded opportunities, through the influence of this national curse? Concurrently, much the same words might have been written about Danes, Swedes, and Welshmen. Scandinavia, like Scotland, has now been wrested from the tyranny of alcohol, so convinced have its Government become of the unmitigated harm produced by strong drink.

Why should the rest of the world remain under this tyranny, a tyranny no longer supported from the pulpit (as it was in earlier days when a Bishop of the Church of England announced that he would prefer to see England drunk and free rather than sober under legal restrictions), from the consulting-room of the physician, or by worthy and responsible newspapers outside their advertisement columns? Is there a single physician or surgeon of repute and modern education that can be brought forward at the present day to defend the use of distilled alcohol, or even to recommend the consumption of overmuch wine? Do not such authorities assert[2]

(1) That whisky, brandy, rum, or gin possess no nutritive value whatever, and therefore can afford no strength?

(2) That all alcoholic drinks, on account of the alcohol they contain (this alcohol being poison to the animal system), may create a brief temporary feeling of warmth and excitement, but soon induce sleepiness and lower the bodily stamina?

(3) That alcoholic drinks, according to the degree of the poisonous element in them, weaken muscular power, seriously affect the nervous system,

[2] To quote a remarkable book just published "Prohibition Advance in all Lands," by Mr. Guy Hayler, President of the International Prohibition Confederation. London: 133 Salisbury Square.

making hands and eyesight unsteady, and damage the whole mental and physical working ability?

(4) That the regular use of alcohol increases the liability to all kinds of disease and delays recovery, especially inducing liability to phthisis?

It may be objected to these diatribes that the greater part of the population of France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy are wine-drinkers, and yet that those nations play a prominent part in the world's affairs and do not evince much evidence of physical or moral degeneration. That may be so, but in the first place the wines they drink in their native lands are unfortified. Wines under the same names are sold in the United Kingdom and (with the exception of certain clarets and light French wines) are harmful there because of the extent to which they have been fortified by the addition of distilled alcohol. But the average bourgeois and peasant of France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal drinks a good deal of water as well as wine in the daily round of life. Some of these wines contain only from nine per cent to fifteen per cent of alcohol, as against the forty per cent to seventy per cent met with in whisky, brandy, rum, etc.; and they possess chemical elements which seem to be of service to the physique of these dark-haired peoples, though not perhaps of equal benefit to the blond Nordic type, in some respects nearest to the "superman." Even in England, however, anæmic women and young men are thought by some doctors to derive much benefit from the "blood-making" qualities of burgundy, port, madeira, and Château Margaux. Other physicians deny this. Where does the truth lie? Surely the intelligent world should ascertain. Both sides to the controversy should promote the holding of a world-conference of approved guides in chemistry, therapeutics, criminology, religion, and anthropology, and be guided for a time in the treatment of alcohol by the verdict of the majority of these assembled doctors of science and students of human nature. It would be interesting, for example, to hear what such a conference would give as the opinion of its majority on the value of champagne as a nerve restorative. Many an exhausted literary man, actor, actress, public speaker, and, above all, politician, finds in champagne the one certain means of annulling the sense of physical and mental exhaustion, and inspiration for fresh efforts. Gloomy physicians tell their patients that these draughts of champagne may pull them out of their difficulty for the time being, but constitute exhausting draughts on the Bank of Life and infallibly shorten the term of existence which should otherwise fall to these distinguished persons. One is beginning to notice, especially in the long tenures of office which are now so much a feature in modern politics, that most statesmen in office are confirmed champagne drinkers. They all tend at public functions to appear with the same lack-lustre eyes and dull brick-red complexions, which are transformed by the first few gulps of this delicious effervescing wine into sparkling countenances with a healthy color and glistening eyes. There are also physicians who assert that the harm which is done by the champagne in the strenuous months of party politics is undone by the annual cure at Harrogate, Bath, Buxton, Karlsbad, Vittel, or Wiesbaden. Every now and again the British world is shocked at the collapse of some great politician who has crumpled up under the strain of party warfare and the fighting of bad or the promoting of good legislation, and who, though irreproachable from the point of view of social correctness, may have been obliged to re-

sort to champagne or similar stimulants to sustain him in the strain of his busy life. Or it may be he has eschewed such factitious support, and has collapsed the sooner. Where does the truth lie? What is the remedy? Is alcohol less bad than other stimulants?

As regards France, one of the leading French experts in mind-disease (Dr. Legrain) has recently written:

Greed of wealth, demoralization, political indifference, and the weakening of the social conscience have today allowed alcoholism to spread terribly. This is why the number of the alcoholic insane has grown so fearfully. Society is full of persons soaked to the very marrow with alcohol, either pure or adulterated. Alcohol intermingles with the public and private life of most persons. Such habits cause derangements which alarm those of the clearest vision. There seems no more hopeful cure than the voluntary giving up of this brain poison. There is no means of general safety of greater value than the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic. United efforts are justly directed against such poisons as lead and phosphorus, substances far less dangerous, with a view to their prohibition. With far more reason should similar efforts be put forth against alcohol. To refrain from doing this would be a distinct sign that we mean to bow before the modern deity, Mammon.

To quote Joseph Reinach, France from one of the most sober countries of Europe has become (with the exception of Russia) the most alcoholic nation at the present day. In sixty years her consumption of alcohol has increased nearly sixfold. The chief harm (he has stated) arises from the complete liberty in the sale of spirits. In France the ratio of licensed houses in which all forms of alcohol, including the worst, can be sold, is one to 82 inhabitants, as contrasted with one to 430 in England, one to 5000 in Sweden, and one to 9000 in Norway. The most deleterious of the alcoholic poisons consumed in France is notoriously absinthe. As far back as ten years ago the Academy of Medicine of France unanimously demanded the total suppression of all liquors composed of alcohol beyond a certain degree of strength. The statistics published by the Ministry of Justice show that the recent extension in crime (which is evident in some of the big towns) is principally due to the increased consumption of alcohol. But France lies more under the tyranny of alcohol than any other nation in the world; even our own is less dictated to by the great distillers. No French minister of the present day is bold enough to stand up against the vine-growing industry or the 1,378,000 distillers.[3] Nor is the ruinous extension of the drink curse confined to France alone. For the profit of those of her citizens who have put their capital into viticulture and distillery plant, French administrators in North Africa have been forced to waive their personal objections and to allow brandy of a very unwholesome type to be sold broadcast amongst the Muhammadan populations of North Africa, and the negro peoples of the vast regions of French West Africa. French diplomatic objections restrain the Tsar from permitting prohibition to be established in Finland. A book recently published (which I have reviewed in the *Westminster Gazette*) shows the extent to which French traders are damaging the Melanesian peoples of the Western Pacific by the sale of poisonous French alcohol in defiance of treaty and other international regulations. The same mischief is going on in French Indo-China and in Madagascar, not because the average French administrator is himself addicted to alcohol—many of them are abstainers for health reasons

[3] These are the figures published by Dr. Bertillon, who states that the number of wine-growers exceeds that of the distillers.

—or is blind to the results of alcoholic drink on the colored races; but because he and the Government under whom he works are unable to shake themselves free of the tyranny of alcohol, of the odious tyranny exercised over this splendid nation by the French vinegrowers and distillers, a tyranny which makes itself felt on us because with the drawing together of the two countries, which is so important to both, there exists in the mind of our Foreign Office at the present day a great dislike to opposing French policy in any direction. Consequently, to "save our face" we continue to maintain the vicious policy of allowing our West African colonies (all but Northern Nigeria) to be the dumping-ground of distilled alcohol from the taxation of which we raise the greater part of our West African colonial revenues. Yet anyone who knows the coast regions of West Africa and is not afraid to tell the truth, knows that distilled alcohol of European manufacture is working great harm amongst the indigenous peoples, a fact which, by-the-by, is noted and stated by all French explorers of independent outlook in regard to the littoral of French Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Dahome, and Gaboon.[4]

In Italy, according to Swiss investigators and Italian directors of asylums, there has been a marked increase in alcoholism, due partly to spirit-drinking, partly to abuse of wine. It is most noteworthy in Northern Italy, where the Teutonic element in the physical composition of the peoples makes them at one and the same time more prone to strong drink and more likely to suffer from its effects. The ravages of alcohol in Italy were well summarized by the *Lancet* in September 1910, an article evidently written by one who had a thorough knowledge of modern Italy and of the Italian language. Amongst the tyrants in the world of alcohol are the Californian wine-growers who seek to push the sale of their wares in Italy and Great Britain by advertisements, garnished with the opinions of foreign consuls residing in California as to the wholesomeness of Californian wines—opinions which may pass current without objection in California itself, but cannot be held to apply to wines that are prepared for the export trade. For wines which may be comparatively harmless in California are harmful when doctored for export, and, like the wines of Australia and the Cape, they will not stand oversea travel unless fortified with a proportion of distilled alcohol.

The tyranny of alcohol is flagrant under the Government of the Cape of Good Hope, where the influence of the wine-growers and brandy-distillers is almost parallel to what is exercised in France. In this way a good deal of locally produced alcohol is pushed amongst the negro peoples of South Africa in spite of, or through, any feeble measures which may exist for the restriction of the consumption of alcohol by the negro inhabitants in the Union of South Africa. Distilled alcohol is theoretically excluded from Basutoland, and we see in the main the results in the splendid physical fitness of the Basuto people; but the taste for strong drink is ruining some of its chiefs who make use of their posi-

[4] Here again we come up against one of the counter problems in this difficult question. The negro did not require the modern white man to teach him the attractiveness of fermented drinks—beer from corn and wine from the sap of palm-trees. He gets drunk, quarrelsome, and murderous on his native beverages, where no white man penetrates with whisky, brandy, rum or gin. But though his alcoholic excesses lead to crimes of violence and disorder, they do not affect his physical soundness or his reproductive powers; whereas in negro Africa distilled alcohol (whether native or European) leads to diseases of the liver and kidneys, and to infertility. But it is no use excluding European forms of alcohol if, as in the British and French Sudan and in Northern Nigeria, native distillers are not suppressed; they turn out alcohol quite as deleterious as whisky and rum. It is erroneous to look upon Northern Nigeria as exempt from alcoholism. There is a considerable amount of drunkenness among the negroes due to locally distilled alcohol.

tion to smuggle Cape brandy into their country. By the earnest wish of the leading chiefs, alcohol is excluded from all that part of Bechuanaland which is not under the Union of South Africa. But practically no measures are taken to restrict either the manufacture or the sale of alcohol in Portuguese East or West Africa, and I myself have witnessed the results of this abuse in both regions. In the territory under the Chartered Company of Mozambique where the Administration, so to speak, is both British and Portuguese, the distilling of alcohol from the sugar-cane and its dispersal amongst the natives are a matter of the deepest regret to the English developers of that region; but the control of this traffic does not rest with them.

It is quite a mistake to go on repeating the worn-out falsehood that Muhammadanism does away with all alcohol dangers; that you are free from the tyranny of alcohol once you adopt the faith of Islam. Muhammad certainly was as strong a Prohibitionist as any. He pulled up the Arabs with a round turn and made them for a hundred years or so a vigorous and mighty people by forbidding the use of wine. Theoretically, all consistent Muhammadans are teetotallers, but practically, not so.[5] Even the earlier caliphs of Arab race ruined themselves and their dynasties through gross drunkenness. The Persians lost their civilization and their power through excessive addiction to wine, and the strong Persian element in the Saracenic civilization brought about the decay of Islam. Drunkenness is now very prevalent in Egypt, due to the introduction of British whisky; in Cyrenaica and the Tripolitaine (Greek arrak and Italian liqueurs); Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco (French, Spanish, British, and German forms of alcohol). Drunkenness from the drinking of spirits locally distilled was, at any rate until quite recently, a common occurrence in the Egyptian Sudan, and spread thence to the Sudanese element in the Uganda population. Despite the prohibition of European forms of distilled alcohol, a good deal of drunkenness exists in Northern Nigeria, mainly from local distillation. But, owing to a variety of reasons, which there is not room to define in this article, the damage which is wrought in negro West Africa by the introduction of European distilled alcohol is far greater than could ever be produced by the crude local manufactures with their limited output. All this region is permeated with the distilled alcohol of France, Britain, North Germany, and Holland, and there is no question in my own mind that the negro tribes are the worse for this poisonous element. Much of the south and centre of the Belgian Congo is ill-affected by the illicit introduction of distilled alcohol from the adjoining Portuguese territories. On the other hand, so far as my information goes, the Germans are doing their best to keep alcohol out of German East Africa and to suppress the local manufacture of distilled forms of fermented drinks. The same may be said with

[5] Those who have not been within recent years intimately acquainted with India are unaware of the shocking abuse of spirit-drinking which affects large sections of the Indian population more especially amongst the Muhammadans. All who have imported much Indian labor of a superior kind into Africa—trained artisans, clerks, interpreters, secretaries, and so forth—will have noticed how large a proportion of these employes have had to be sent back to India because of their incurable alcoholism. The Turks of Asia Minor are seemingly a fairly sober race. So perhaps may be the Tuareg of the innermost recesses of the Sahara. But elsewhere throughout the Muhammadan world drunkenness is as great a bane as in Christendom. Read, for example impartial accounts of Malay life in Dutch Malaysia, or endeavor to get accurate information regarding the present condition of India, Egypt, North Africa, Albania, the Komoro Islands, Persia, and Syria. Buddhism is even more strongly "anti-alcoholic" than the faith of Islam; and the Buddhists of Ceylon resent very strongly the opposition of their present Government, supported by the Colonial Office, to prohibitionist legislation. They acknowledge, however, with gratitude the efforts made by Sir West Ridgeway, during his Governorship, to check the manufacture and sale of distilled alcohol in Ceylon.

emphasis of British Nyasaland, and, I think, of Northern Rhodesia, as well as of the Belgian Congo and the German Kamerun.

Putting aside as much less serious in their effects, less easily accused of poisonous qualities, the wholesome beers and light wines, we find that the real tyranny of alcohol consists in the manufacture of distilled spirit of forty degrees and more of alcohol, or the concocting of heady wines and liqueurs which also exhibit a dangerous proportion of pure alcohol in their composition; and that this poison is forced on the community by the weakness and corruptibility of Governments and the use of advertisements in the Press or on hoardings. In other words, it is the wealth which still lies behind this noxious industry that keeps England, Ireland, and Wales; France, Russia, Poland, much of Germany, Italy, portions of the United States, a good deal of India, Negro and Muhammadan Africa, under the thraldom of an element which all scientific men of any repute in research and diagnosis declare to be most deleterious in its effects on mind and body.

So much has been achieved already during the last sixty years in shaking ourselves free of this curse, that we may hope, with no slackening of effort and no lack of martyrs in a good cause, a final victory will be achieved; and throughout the wide world alcohol —at any rate, above the strength of light wines and beers—will be universally prohibited as an article of human consumption. The brewers will have to turn much of their plant and capital to the manufacture of ginger-beer and similar drinks containing a negligible quantity of alcohol. Vine-cultivators must give attention less to wine-pressing than to growing grapes —a most wholesome and delicious fruit—for consumption as fresh fruit or as raisins and currants. By means of cold storage, ripe grapes can be sent all over the world, and raisins should be made accessible to the diet of the poorest in our cities. The distillers will scarcely need to slacken their energies, for alcohol as a chemical agent, as a fuel, as a motive power, has almost no bounds to its employment. But—if the opinion of leading physicians be a true one—the voting masses of the people must be roused to force measures of virtual prohibition on all Governments in regard to the consumption of distilled alcohol as a food; and in our own country attempts should be made in public vehicles, in newspapers, on hoardings, and on theatre programmes, to insist on freedom of advertisement. If a newspaper or any other advertising agent inserts an advertisement of distilled alcohol, it must not be allowed to refuse on fair terms the insertion opposite of a warning against the effects on the body and mind of consuming this distilled alcohol. If Johnny Corker or the Highland Clansman are to be allowed to show themselves "as in 1820" or 1850, commencing their alcoholic career, companion pictures should be added of the real effects on them and their descendants.

The only alternative is for the alcohol interest to take such publicist Clansman measures in different lands as may be sufficient to convict the leading physicians, surgeons, alienists, analytical chemists, criminologists, clergy, and magistrates of being liars, and libellers of a universally condemned trade.

But if it is incumbent to fight with determination the spread of alcoholic poisoning, prohibitionists and teetotallers must also apply their energies to finding some substituted stimulant for the use of exhausted humanity. Much of this craving for tonics, of course, is imagined and vicious. A remedy for brain fag or body weari-

ness can often be found in harmless drugs like sal-volatile, perhaps even in carefully prepared medical compositions of ether, better still in tea or coffee properly made, in bovril (for those who have not weak kidneys), cocoa, warm drinks, and stimulating food. Prudent physiologists, however, warn us that rest of function is the best recourse to the over-worked and over-stimulated; that stimulants, though they may temporarily dissipate weariness and exhaustion, only do so by making a further demand on the vital resources of the body, a demand which has soon afterwards to be paid for at compound interest. Still, above all these tiresome disputations stands out the fact that, all the world over, humanity is liable to be *surmenée*, overworked, temporarily weakened by shock; in fact, in a condition which calls aloud for a stimulant; and for something more palatable to the taste, more rapid in its restoration of vigor than smelling-salts, sal-volatile, or even a cup of beef-tea. Many of the pick-me-ups which are sold by chemists at home and abroad, and of which doctors do not seem to disapprove, contain an obvious proportion of ether. Yet we are told that ether drinking has been a serious vice in Ireland, as it is also in India and parts of Africa. But, assuming ether to be mixed by a chemist or a doctor in proportion to other ingredients, has it any element of poison about it such as is attributed to alcohol? It is given to persons who are suffering from kidney troubles to whom no doctor would think of administering alcohol in any form. Then, as regards daily drinks. No doubt much drinking at meals is unwholesome. Still, the maintenance of bodily health requires the passing through the system daily of a certain proportion of water. Pure cold water attractive to the taste by its sparkling character is a very difficult drink to obtain. The water supply of a large proportion of the United Kingdom is tainted by sewage, and this is likewise the case in most countries abroad, except those that are still under semi-barbarous conditions with a scanty population and no drainage. But even when water is chemically pure it is often flat to the taste and not sufficiently cold to quench the thirst. Ginger-beer contains too much sugar, and most of the temperance drinks are unwholesome for that reason or for their fizziness. Barley-water flavored with lemon is delicious, but does not seem to have enough body to attract the artisan, or its delicate composition is beyond the rough-and-ready housekeeping of the artisan's wife. The taste and smell of beer are undoubtedly attractive to millions among us. Why do we hear and see so little of non-alcoholic ales? Are such things really not palatable, not wholesome, or too expensive? Unfermented grape-juice seems to be gradually spreading in vogue in the United States, and I well remember what a delicious drink I used to think the "agres" of Southern Spain, a non-alcoholic beverage made from unripe grapes. In all these directions Abolitionists should turn their attention quite as much as towards Prohibition and the countering of misleading advertisements. We want substitutes—at any rate in some degree—in attractiveness of taste or in stimulating qualities for the various dilutions of alcohol which are influentially declared to be so deleterious in their effect on mind and body.

H. H. Johnston.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

BROWNING'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.*

Is Browning "the first feminist poet since Shakespeare?" The answer depends upon the meaning given to a recently coined and ambiguous word. "Feminism" as it appears in the journals of to-day, belongs to politics rather than ethics or æsthetics, it savors of sex-prejudice, if not of sex-antagonism. It advocates seem chiefly anxious to secure a reconstruction of society, which would provide women with fuller scope for development upon an independent political, social, and economic footing. With such matters poetry is not concerned, and a "feminist" poet would be a contradiction in terms. But there is a larger, richer, more satisfactory use of the word. It may be employed to mean a poet who is able to do full justice to woman as such, giving her no mere conventional place either as a goddess on a pedestal, or as an angel in disguise, or as a slave, or as a plaything —a great imaginative writer who can portray the full powers which belong to the highest type of womanhood, free from all sickly sentimentalism and traditional unreality. In that sense, "feminist" poets are rare, and the two leading examples in our literature are certainly Shakespeare and Browning. The name of George Meredith should be added; because, though his portraits are in prose, it is the prose of a poet, and the woman-honoring spirit which pervades his novels breathes also in the soul-animating strains of his verse.

Shakespeare's portraits of women are unimitated and inimitable. His wonderful gallery of pictures remains unique, because Shakespeare was—not a feminist, but a humanist. Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, Rosalind; Juliet, Perdita, Ophelia, Miranda; Imogen, Cordelia, Desdemona; Cleopatra and Volumnia, Hermione and Lady Macbeth—the number and variety of types is as remarkable as the way in which each individual figure stands out immortal upon the canvas. Mrs. Jameson and Lady Martin have commented upon these pictures, pointing out some of the consummate artistic touches that ordinary readers of the plays might miss, but the women of Shakespeare is a subject which still awaits an adequate exponent. Neither Thackeray nor Dickens was at his best in his portraiture of women. That Becky Sharp should be the best remembered "heroine" of the one, while his Amelia is a failure, and that Little Nell should be a favorite character of the other, are facts only too significant. Tennyson's genius was not dramatic, the women in the "Idylls" are shadowy, and the "Princess" is not the poem of which his admirers are most proud. The mere mention of the names of other nineteenth-century poets, from Byron and Shelley to Swinburne and Morris, would show how few had insight enough to understand the real significance of woman's place and work in the world, or sufficient skill to portray women capable of expressing the highest ideals and aspirations of the age.

With Browning it is otherwise. His women cannot indeed take their place with those of Shakespeare. But they are human, they are alive, they are sketched by a master-hand and they radiate, not only grace and charm, but ardor and inspiration. Mr. Arthur Symons—no mean critic—has said, "Browning is one of the very few men who can paint women without idealization or degradation, not from the man's side, but from their own.

* "Browning's Heroines." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chatto & Windus. 1913.)

His women live, act, suffer, even think; not assertively, mannishly (for the loveliest of them have a very delicate charm of girlishness), but with natural volition, on equal rights with men." He adds that whoever writes a book on Browning's Women will have a delightful task. Miss Mayne is the first, so far as we know, to undertake the work, and the spirit with which she has carried it out shows that while it has been a labor of love she will surrender none of the womanly independence of judgment that she claims for others. Her book is interesting and stimulating—often provocative, and none the worse for that. Only an utterly wooden commentator could expound Browning's often paradoxical description of woman's subtle nature —at the same time complex and simple —without provoking a good deal of dissent from men and women readers alike. It must always be remembered that while Browning's genius is essentially dramatic, his dramas do not form the most characteristic portion of his work. The form which he invented for himself, the dramatic monologue, does not allow for the elasticity, growth and development of a character as it is presented in a play. Browning's representation of a character is often no more than a photograph of a striking pose—the rest is left to the imagination. And the moment chosen for the flashlight is, as often as not, that of a single psychological crisis, selected because of its exceptional character, the subtlety of conflicting motives and the difficulties of choice and action. Consequently even the shorter poems require study and admit of more than one interpretation. Mr. Nettleship says of "Cristina," a poem of only eight short stanzas, that whilst at first sight it seems a slight, fugitive piece, "on looking closer, we shall find thought fit for a lifetime." And the marvel is that the saying is true, not only of this but of a score of Browning's lyrics such as occur under the headings of "Dramatis Personæ" and "Men and Women."

Miss Mayne has therefore chosen an excellent subject. She justly pleads that it is not presumptuous to try to say of the poet's heroines what he has not said himself, because Browning's poems are essentially suggestive, not exhaustive. He often "opens magic casements" and leaves it to readers of insight to describe the landscapes visible through them. The book consists of five parts. One deals with Girlhood, and in it are treated Pippa, Mildred, Balaustion, Pompilia and other characters. In one section headed "The Great Lady," the poems "My Last Duchess" and "The Flight of the Duchess" are interestingly treated together. The part entitled "The Lover" includes a number of shorter poems, and the last section deals with "The Woman Unwon" and "The Woman Won." The analysis implied in these titles is certainly not very clear or logical, but what analysis could suffice for classification in such a case?

We do not quite understand, however, the principle on which the authoress has made her selection and why some poems are not treated at all. We quite agree with the omission of "Pauline." This poem ought never to be placed on a level with the rest of the poems, fine as some parts of it are. It represents so essentially an "overcome standpoint," that we cannot be surprised at the "extreme repugnance" with which the poet allowed it to be preserved side by side with his mature work. But we miss from Miss Mayne's list the figures of Constance and the Queen from "In a Balcony" and a study which would have been very instructive of the contrast between Elvire and Fifine. Other minor omissions might be mentioned. But our chief regret is that we have no notice

of Browning's treatment of ideal wedded love, such as finds expression in "By the Fireside," "One Word More" and one or two other poems. It may be that delicacy forbade the inclusion of the poet's wife among his "heroines," but "By the Fireside" is only remotely autobiographic, while its rare beauty and its significance for our author's subject makes its omission from the volume inexplicable.

The most successful of Miss Mayne's sketches are those of Pippa, Balaustion, and Pompilia. The studies of Evelyn Hope and of the girl in "Count Gismond" contain points on which we could break a friendly lance with the writer. But Pippa! The light-hearted silk-winder out for her one day's holiday in the year—gay, free, irresponsible, but bringing benediction into sinister and evil lives as she goes singing on her way—is a figure that none can miss who visit Browning's gallery, or having once seen, can ever forget. The exact significance of her unconscious influence on the lives of Ottimas, Phene, and the rest is not always perceived, and Miss Mayne draws attention to a number of subtle touches which may escape some readers. The study of Mildred Tresham, as interpreted in this volume, does not attract us. Miss Mayne's comment on the well-known lines

I was so young, I loved him so, I had
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell,

is "We have here the very commonplace of the theatre . . . the dramatic situation is set out because it is dramatic, not because it is true."

Balaustion is delightful. "To me the queen of Browning's women," says Miss Mayne, "nay, I am tempted to proclaim her queen of every poet's women." This is somewhat excessive praise, but the charming character of the girl poet, who recites "that strangest, saddest, sweetest song" of Euripides—*Alkestis*, almost as if it were her own, combining as she does brilliance of intellect, versatility, and ardor of aspiration with the tenderness, the "darlingness"—Browning's own word—which bespeak the true woman, has hardly received sufficient recognition from commentators and critics.

And so, although she has some other
name,
We only call her Wild-Pomegranate-
Flower,
Balaustion; since, where'er the red
bloom burns. . . .
You shall find food, drink, odor all at
once.

The development of the girl into the woman in "Aristophanes' Apology" is skilfully described, though the later poem is not so successful as the earlier; but Balaustion's triumphant grace and power will charm successive generations of readers, "as long as Greeks are Greeks and hearts are hearts and poetry is power," and as long as there is a Euripides or a Browning to sing to listening ears.

Pompilia deserves even ampler treatment than she here receives. It is interesting to know that Browning once said to Helen Faucit, not by way of mere compliment, that if he could have engaged her to act the part he would have made Pompilia the heroine of a drama. Under those conditions it would have been much easier to study a character, which has to be regarded now from the standpoint of her own words, now from that of her husband, and now again as depicted in half a dozen other narratives, like a figure seen in many mirrors from a number of bewilderingly different angles. Miss Mayne draws chiefly from the speech of Caponsacchi, and very fine it is—from the first moment when he saw her, "A lady young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad," with her "strange, sad smile," already "breaking her heart quite fast enough," through the

whole story of a love as noble, pure, and tragic as ever poet described, down to the time when, dying, she finds again

Thy face, again the eyes, again, through all,
The heart and its immeasurable love
Of my one friend, my only, all my own,
Who put his breast between the spears and me . . .
. . . O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death!

But perhaps the finest portrait of Pompilia is that given in the speech of the Pope—one of Browning's masterpieces. "Perfect in whiteness," he says, stronger and a greater conqueror than Michael the archangel himself with sword and shield and spear. All the knowledge and energy of earth's warriors

make not up, I think,
The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower
She holds up to the softened gaze of God!

The whole passage describes how though it was not given to Pompilia to "know much, speak much, move mankind," still in purity and patience, in "faith held fast despite the plucking fiend," and "safe like the signet-stone with the new name that saints are known by," this woman-child has outshone, surpassed them all

. . . . . My flower
My rose, I gather for the breast of God!

In the proceedings of the Browning Society is a paper by Mrs. Glazebrook in which the poet's heroines are classed as ineffective, as failures. Pompilia is said to be "a gentle, innocent creature," a most interesting character, who none the less "fails entirely." Miss Mayne too considers her to be "no heroine, no character." This is not the view of the poet, nor that of the wise old Pope who speaks for him. How little a failure, despite the tragedy that wrecked the life of so pure and so perfect a child-mother, is shown by the light of one of Browning's vivid flashes of forked-lightning, in the two lines of Guido's last cry of agony:—

Abate—Cardinal—Christ—Maria—God
Pompilia—will you let them murder me?

It is tempting to linger over "James Lee's Wife"—one of Browning's saddest and in some respects most difficult poems; the more so because we think Miss Mayne is much less than fair to the wife, blames her for thinking too much, analyzing too closely, and hints that her being plain had something to do with her failure. Thus she misses almost entirely the tragedy of the inevitable change in man's affection, symbolized by the wind and the significant climax,

You might turn myself! should I know or care
When I should be dead of joy, James Lee?

No study of Browning's women can be satisfactory that dwells only upon a few leading examples of them. It is characteristic of the poet's method that some of his deepest lessons are taught in slight *al fresco* sketches, not by means of heavily framed pictures elaborated in oils. The walls of Browning's gallery contain scores of such slight sketches, with many of which Miss Mayne deals very successfully. There is nothing sensual, nothing morbid about any of these, after the fashion that some younger poets have affected. Neither do we find æsthetic, or sentimental, or conventional pictures of women acknowledging glad inferiority to man—"He for God only, she for God in him." His women are not timid, clinging creatures, full of charming insincerities, arch cajoleries, endlessly alternating smiles and tears. Nor does he reproduce Wordsworth's

Perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

Apparently he has little admiration for the (conventional) "models of their sex." Miss Mayne points out that favorite features in his womanly characters are "gaiety, courage, trust." Quoting the words "Control's not for this lady," she adds "that sign-manual for a Browning woman." She adds "May we not indeed say that Browning was *our* singer? Who but he would have done this—so crowned, so trusted us, and so persuaded men that women can be great?"

Browning's main lesson, however, to discerning readers is that they should be content, in Emerson's words, to "leave all for love." It may be said that that is a commonplace of all poets, but there is no one who teaches it in the same way as Browning. It is part of his deep philosophy of life, as Sir Henry Jones has shown. A poet is not a philosopher. But the true poet teaches a philosophy of life as far above that of the metaphysician as heaven is above the schools. Love is beyond thought and knowledge, Browning holds; not that it disparages or despises either, but it possesses a deeper, more potent, more quickening knowledge of its own and love is needed above all things for the soul as it toils in travel upon its upward way. Love is the only secret of victorious life, for the mastery of the full significance of life now, and as a preparation for perfect life hereafter. To love is the great achievement. This won, all is won; this lost, all is failure.

So highly does Browning rate this secret of victory in life that, as in the "Statue and the Bust," the lovers are blamed for not carrying out even a guilty intention through cowardice, infirmity of purpose and lack of tenacious, triumphant love. Similarly R. L. Stevenson prays the celestial surgeon to choose "some piercing pain, some killing sin, and to my dead heart run them in!" A paradox this, which is of course to be understanded of the wise, not pressed to absurdity by the foolish.

We had hoped to have been able to illustrate Browning's treatment of this theme in a few of his shorter poems—"Cristina," "Dis Aliter Visum," "Love among the Ruins" and others. Space, however, does not suffice. It is better to refer readers to Miss Mayne's sprightly exposition and especially to the work of the poet himself, who deserves to be studied afresh by a generation the advanced spirits in which flatter themselves that they have left him behind them. High-souled, great-hearted poet—he is "coming back," Miss Mayne says, "as the stars come back." He was strangely neglected in his earlier years and sometimes gently gibed in return at "the British public—ye who like me not!" That public woke up after a while to find his real value. Twenty years ago he was a prophet. Now he is reckoned "a back number" in poetry, as, if we may judge by current fashions, Handel has long been, and Wagner is fast becoming, in music. But in something short of an astronomical cycle the great artists return and the little critics sing small. The stars do not vanish from the sky because some impatient observers suffer from a crick in the neck after five minutes gazing upwards. Browning's work for the twentieth century is not done; it is indeed hardly begun; and his message, whether for men or women, is far from being exhausted. English readers may well give a cordial welcome to a succession of students like the authoress of *Browning's Heroines*, who will help to interpret one of the profoundest, most various, and most fascinating of poets to a new age.

W. T. Davison.

MISS AMELIA.

IV.

Five or six days passed, I think, before I was able to present myself again at Miss Amelia's door. I had still some doubt as to whether I should be able to take a successful part in Jane's conspiracy, but none concerning the morality of joining it; the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that this was the only possible course for me to follow. My *rôle*, I knew, would be more difficult than that of Jane; it was easy for her, a servant, to keep silence when Miss Amelia was talking to the invisible presence of her nephew; but I should be obliged to join in such conversations, a proceeding that would demand intense tact.

In spite of this imminent difficulty, and in defiance of a yellow fog that brooded over Kentish Town, I was in high spirits when I knocked at Miss Amelia's door; the prospect of seeing her again really was wonderfully elating. When Jane opened the door I beamed on her with the utmost benevolence, and was surprised to observe that she received me without a smile. Her honest face looked drawn and anxious, and there were dark semicircles below her eyes.

"Oh, sir," she said, "Miss Amelia can't see you to-day. She's in bed, and I'm afraid she's very bad indeed. She's never been like this before. But please to come in."

I followed her into Miss Amelia's room. There was no fire, and in the jaundiced light of the foggy afternoon the place was depressing and shabby.

"How long has she been ill?" I asked. Jane waited for a moment before answering.

"Ever since you went away on Saturday," she said. "And the doctor doesn't like her looks at all. She doesn't recognize any one; her sight's nearly gone, but I'm afraid that it's not only because of that. She's dreadfully miserable!" Poor Jane ended with almost a groan, and for a moment I thought that she was about to break down.

"Miserable?" I echoed. "What is making her miserable? Does she think that something is wrong with him—with Mr. Dick?"

Jane nodded, looking very grave.

"Yes," she said. "That's what's the matter. On Saturday, just after you had gone, she thought that he came to talk to her, and she got the idea that he didn't like you, that he was kind of jealous of you, and that he was going away to Paris. Her memory seemed to come back, partly at least, and she has been in a dreadful state, crying and talking about bodies being found in a river."

The tears were running down her cheeks as she finished speaking. I stared at her blankly, feeling a heavy weight growing above my heart.

"Then it's all my fault," I said. "I oughtn't to have come here again. But can't you persuade her that Dick has returned?"

She shook her head. "I've tried and tried," she answered, "but it's no good; it only makes her angry. She's quite certain that he's in Paris and that he's in some danger. I'm dreading every moment that she'll realize he's dead; several times to-day she's remembered things that have happened just before she got the news of his body being found."

"And if she realizes that he is dead?" I asked.

"It'll kill her this time," replied Jane. "The doctor says so. When a person has been queer like that for so long and becomes right in the head

again suddenly, it means that it's the end. And a miserable end too, poor thing! I'd always thought that she would die happy, thinking that Mr. Dick was with her to the last."

I inquired if the doctor came often. "He's very good," Jane answered; "he comes twice a-day, and he sat up for a long time the other night. The sleeping-draught couldn't calm her. He made me have a nurse, but she's a giggling thing and mad about play-actors. She talks to me about Lewis Waller, or some such name, until I could turn her out of the house. She's upstairs now trying on a new bonnet. Miss Amelia's asleep, for once."

Silence fell upon us. The fog had thickened, and the room was almost dark. Outside some sparrows were twittering disconsolately in the bedraggled shrubs. I felt wretched, and reviled myself for not having discovered earlier that Miss Amelia's nephew was a hallucination, and that my visits to the haunted house were likely to have a troublesome result. Yet how could I have known? Jane was certainly not to blame; she had warned me as soon as she perceived that I had realized nothing and that my visits were likely to be frequent. The whole affair was a most unfortunate accident, though, for a moment, I felt almost inclined to believe that Dick had been actually present—in the spirit, as Jane expressed it—and had behaved exactly as he would have done if I had put in an appearance at his aunt's house during the time of his trouble.

"Do you think it would be of any use," I asked at last, "if I went up to see her when she is awake, and told her that there isn't any truth in her idea that Dick doesn't like me?"

Jane dismissed the suggestion at once.

"She wouldn't know you," she said. "And if she did, she wouldn't believe you. And, anyhow, it would make no difference. What's worrying her is that she thinks he has gone to Paris."

"But if I could persuade her," I said, "that he has just gone for a holiday and not because he is annoyed at my coming here, wouldn't things be better?"

Jane shook her head.

"You wouldn't be able to persuade her," she answered. "You see she thinks he has told her all about it. It's your word against his."

Once again I felt a sharp sense of the reality of Dick.

"Confound him!" I murmured.

Jane overheard me, and I saw, much to my surprise, that she was regarding me sympathetically.

"I've often felt like that too, sir," she said. "Times and times it's seemed as if he was really there and was just being aggravating on purpose. But it doesn't do, I found, to let oneself think that. If I hadn't made up my mind not to believe in him I don't know what would have happened to my head."

I looked at her. "I suppose he wasn't really there, Jane?" I said.

Jane made an almost violent gesture with her hands.

"Lord save us, sir!" she cried. "Don't *you* begin to believe in him!" She was silent for a moment, then continued: "It's only in Miss Amelia's memory that he lives, as I told you before. But the funny thing is that she remembers him so well—his character, I mean. His ghost, as you might say, behaves exactly as he would have behaved if he had been alive and remained a young man of four-and-twenty. He wasn't always a nice gentleman, was Mr. Dick; after he left the Army his temper was very queer, and his ghost—you know what I mean when I say ghost—is just the same. I've often heard Miss Amelia talking as if he were in a dreadful rage, and

she was trying to calm him down. It was just like him—like the real Mr. Dick, I mean, sir—to go off in a huff because you were coming to the house."

"But did he do that when other people came?" I asked.

"No other people *did* come," Jane answered. "Lady Soames, Miss Amelia's sister, tried to, a great many times; but he couldn't bear her, and made Miss Amelia tell her to keep away. Oh dear! oh dear!" she cried suddenly. "There we go again!"

"What is the matter?" I demanded.

"It seems as if we neither of us could help talking as if he really existed," said Jane. "And I won't do it!" she concluded almost violently.

I rose to go, telling Jane I would call again very soon for news of her mistress. "And if I can be of any use," I added, giving her a card, "telegraph to this address. I'm nearly always in, and I'll come at once."

Janes thanked me rather perfunctorily. Evidently she was convinced that for the present I could be of no use whatever. I went back to the Temple and attempted to work, but I could think of nothing but Miss Amelia. Of course it was absurd, but try as I would, I was unable to dispel the idea that the long dead Dick was a real and malignant entity who was compelling her, merely from spiteful motives, to endure again all the anguish that his suicide had caused her twenty-two years before.

V.

I called at the house every afternoon during the following week, and on each occasion I was confronted by a white and anxious Jane, who had no good news to impart. Miss Amelia was terribly weak; she continued to recognize no one, and lived entirely in a painful world of her imagination. The one consoling fact about her malady was that she was convinced that Dick was alive, though absent, and she seemed to have forgotten about his suicide. But she was terribly worried because he did not return, and lay listening for his footsteps all day and for most of the night. She was almost blind, and it was nearly impossible to persuade her to take any food. I was not allowed, of course, to see her, for she still, apparently, regarded me as the cause of Dick's absence, and spoke of my intrusion with warm resentment.

On the tenth day of her illness I found Jane in a state of deep despondency; Miss Amelia had sunk into a comatose condition, from which she only awoke at long intervals to demand if her nephew had returned. To soothe her, Jane had tried to pretend that he was in the house; but Miss Amelia, after sitting up in bed and staring at the ceiling with sightless eyes for some moments, had shaken her head wistfully, and then, falling back on her pillows, relapsed into torpor. The doctor, Jane added, took a gloomy view of her condition, and asserted that unless she could be induced to believe that Dick had returned safely, there was only the slightest hope of her recovery.

I had gone back to my room each day feeling more and more depressed, and Jane's latest bulletin made me sick at heart. Poor Miss Amelia! If any one deserved a peaceful death, she was the person; her long devotion to her nephew's memory seemed, whenever I thought of it, both noble and beautiful, and if she had been mad, there were many worse things in the world than a madness which took the form of single-hearted loyalty to an unfortunate boy. I reproached myself for having returned to the little house, and reviled the fate which had led me to explore Kentish Town on that Saturday afternoon. I was the cause —although a quite innocent cause— of all Miss Amelia's later sufferings;

if she died I should be indirectly responsible for her death, and I could do nothing but wait. It was a singularly disheartening position.

I sat by a dying fire for an hour, the prey of most melancholy foreboding; then, I suppose, I went to sleep, and dreamt that I was back in Miss Amelia's room, for I remember that a loud knocking at my door made me spring up from my chair and stand staring about me in stupid bewilderment. There was another series of tremendous knocks, and I opened the door, to discover a small telegraph-boy, who thrust a yellow-brown envelope into my hand. I tore it open. The telegram which it contained was very brief: *Come at once.—Jane*—was all that it said. I told the boy that there was no answer, and that light-hearted bearer of evil tidings departed whistling. That the tidings were evil I had no doubt; Jane would not have telegraphed unless Miss Amelia was worse. I ran up Middle Temple Lane, colliding with various belated barristers, and found a cab opposite the Law Courts. Twenty minutes later I stood once more on the steps of the little house.

Jane opened the door before I had rung the bell; evidently she had been on the look-out for me. Without speaking, she led me into Miss Amelia's sitting-room. Her face was dreadfully haggard, and her lips were set in a tense line.

"How is she?" I asked in a low voice.

"Very, very bad," Jane answered in the same tone. "It's the end, I'm afraid. The doctor says so; he's with her now. She's fretting and fretting."

"Does she think that he is dead?" I demanded.

"No," said Jane. "She's expecting him to come back every minute, and worrying because he doesn't come. It seems almost as if she were too weak to imagine him any more—to trick herself into seeing him and hearing him, I mean. She does nothing but moan, except when she stops to listen. I feel now a kind of certainty that he won't come, that he's disappeared for ever, poor Mr. Dick. And that's why I sent for you."

"You think she won't dislike me now?" I asked.

Jane shook her head. "It isn't that," she said. She looked at me once more with her strange penetrating scrutiny, and went on: "She won't know you. She's nearly blind, and no one exists for her except him. That's why I want you to go up to see her."

I stared at her, hopelessly bewildered by this obscure speech. She continued to regard me with intensely solemn eyes. "You understand, don't you?" she said, after a moment.

I shook my head. "Oh! don't you see," she cried sharply, "that I'd do anything for her to die in peace,—even trick her and deceive her? It's only a chance, of course; she may find it all out at once, like she did before when I pretended he was in the house; only she's much weaker now. There's only one thing that you've got to remember,—you mustn't speak. Whatever she says, remember that she hears the answer in her mind."

I realized then what Jane meant.

"You want me to be—him?" I said.

She nodded eagerly. "Don't say you can't do it, sir!" she cried. "It's the last chance, and whatever you may think about it, I know it's right. You've heard of doctors giving dying people drugs to keep off the pain,—well, this is like giving a drug; one wouldn't do it except to stop her suffering, and let her die in peace."

I felt very uncomfortable. No doubt Jane was right as usual, yet there was something dreadful in playing any kind of trick on one who was dying. "I'll come up," I said; "but

I won't promise anything except that I'll not speak. And you mustn't tell her that I am Dick."

An expression of deep relief came over Jane's face. "I won't do that, sir," she answered. "For one thing," she added, "it wouldn't be any use."

After we had ascended one flight of stairs, I heard Miss Amelia's voice. She was moaning on one note, like a child in pain. The sound sent a chill to my heart, and for a moment I felt that I would give everything that I possessed to be able to rush out of the house. As we reached the door of her bedroom, however, the sound ceased with an abruptness that was almost shocking. Jane knocked at the door, waited for a moment, and then opened it.

The scene that met my eyes will haunt me until I have lost all power to think. Miss Amelia was sitting up in bed, leaning forward. She was thinner than I had imagined it possible for a living creature to be; her shoulders were like knife-blades beneath her nightgown, her hands, which gripped the bedclothes, had become yellow claws, and her neck was like twisted parchment. But the splendor of her face was indescribable; her eyes were two burning stars, and her smile had an unearthly sweetness that recalled all the pictures which one had ever seen of saints in ecstasy. She held out both her wasted hands with a wonderful gesture.

"Dick, dear Dick," she said loudly, triumphantly. "I knew your step! You've come at last! And I know that you'll never leave me any more." I stood there, torn between wonder at her face and shame at the part that I was playing. It seemed impossible that those brilliant eyes could not see me, or, if they saw me, transfigured me to a vision of the dead. The doctor, who was standing by the bed, made an emphatic sign to me; I went forward and took Miss Amelia's hands. She kissed me, and then sank back on her pillows.

"Now I can sleep," she said, with a deep sigh, and closed her eyes.

The peace in her face was the most beautiful thing that I have ever seen. I sat by her bedside for an hour holding one of her hands. When I went away she was still lost in deep slumber.

Was it a disgraceful trick to play? She died without pain three days afterwards, perfectly happy, convinced that her nephew was with her to the last. I attended the funeral, which was honored by the presence of several of her distinguished relatives. They were truly magnificent types of aristocracy, and their demeanor, whilst exquisitely correct, betrayed no hint of inward grief.

When it was all over, and the tawny earth was being shovelled on the plain coffin that contained Miss Amelia's worn-out body, I walked out of the cemetery with Jane. Jane was calm once more, though she had broken down at the graveside, and seriously interrupted the somewhat perfunctory periods of the chilly curate who conducted the service. I questioned her about her future; she informed me that she was to live with her sister in Birmingham—a town which she seemed, Cockney that she was, to regard as the most rural of retreats,—and that she had saved sufficiently to assure herself a comfortable old age. We did not speak of Miss Amelia until we were about to part at the cemetery gates.

"You won't forget her, will you, sir?" she asked me, as we shook hands. I replied that Miss Amelia's memory would be with me always. Jane gave me one of her grave, slow nods.

"That's right," she said. "When that happens people don't really die. All this," she made a gesture indi-

cating the cemetery, "all this is nothing. It's in other people's hearts that one really lives. *She* taught me that."

I felt suddenly inclined to choke. "Poor thing, poor thing!" I said.

But Jane corrected me with her usual wisdom.

"Don't think of her like that, sir," she said. "She lived happy, except for that one great trouble, and she died happy too. It's a funny world," she added after a moment. "I sometimes think that the people it likes to call mad have all the best of things, and aren't the worst in it either."

And with this profound sentiment Jane went out of my life.

St. John Lucas.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE REDIVIVUS.

Economists, for some reason or other, never mention it, but there can be no doubt that one of the greatest industrial discoveries of the 19th century was the discovery that Shakespeare could be lectured on. It is just over a hundred years since Coleridge gave the first of his celebrated discourses, and he was regarded at the time as doing something new. It was a great discovery, and many a poor devil has got his bread by it when he could get his bread no other way. It has even been said that Shakespeare is more widely read on account of it, and better understood. Certainly he is more widely read; but there is no evidence that he is better understood. We only understand him in a different way, and say more about it. We understand him in the way of our time. May one venture to suggest, as a subject worthy of consideration, that there were other ways and other times?

I.

It used to be said, it may be said still, that Shakespeare was not appreciated in his own day. It has even been said that he was misunderstood for 200 years after it. This was the belief of the Romantic critics of last century, and they sent it about. Reading Shakespeare, as poets should be read, with the rapture of discovery, they believed that they had discovered Shakespeare; and since they had much to say about him that was both fine and new, they were readily believed. It is for all the world like La Fontaine discovering the Bible in the reign of Louis Quatorze.

The Romantic is always a better lover than historian. Coleridge and his friends were in love with Shakespeare; and when a man is in love all other praise of the object of his affection seems cold and unmeaning beside his own. The majestic commendations of Johnson, the eloquence of Morgann, the studied adulations of Pope, the generous panegyrics of Dryden and old Ben, all passed for nothing in this new Court of Love. It was nothing, also, that for two centuries Shakespeare had been, almost without intermission, the most popular dramatist on the stage; they were deaf to the applause of six generations. Or that for more than a century the best scholars and critics of the country had spent years of their lives on the editing and illustration of his works. All would not do. There was to be only one way of praising and serving Shakespeare.

Well, let us confess that it would be difficult to find a better way than the way of the Romantics. In the whole history of criticism there is nothing so thrilling. Suddenly, at a word (or so it seems), all the characters of

Shakespeare's plays, great and little, honorable and disreputable, begin to shiver and glow with life, and stepping out of their pages, lead off, in one universal whirling movement, that magnificent *bal masqué* in which we readers of Shakespeare have been taking partners ever since. There is a noticeable rush for the hand of Rosalind, and Ferdinand is already offering to see Miranda home. It is magnificent; but it is not the whole of Shakespeare. We must go back to the beginning, to the days when Shakespeare was a man.

Our knowledge of those days, and of his early reputation, is like our knowledge of his life; it is accidental. We infer, and put this to that. The Romantics could never allow for this element of accident, or indeed for human nature. They seem to have expected to find everybody talking and writing about Shakespeare and bowing down to him, and carefully using the right epithets about him, as they did themselves; whereas what they found was a genial group of dramatists, disputing, and drinking, and making merry together, and calling Shakespeare "Will"; differing or agreeing with him, and doing both with violence, about the principles of his art, and reminding him that, fine fellow as he was and charming companion, he wrote too fast and had never read Aristotle in the Greek; parodying him, even, bringing Hamlet on the stage as a footman and asking him if he was mad, or making fun of the famous soliloquy—and generally treating him quite as a friend and one of themselves. From this scene, so completely satisfying to the ordinary mind, the Romantic averts his eyes. But Shakespeare is not to be understood without it.

Despairing of the Mermaid Tavern, they turned to what we should call the "thinkers" of the time, and they turned over their folios. No mad revelry here, no obscene familiarity, but —dead silence. And they closed the books, and told us, with genuine regret, that there was no doubt of it: "Shakespeare was not appreciated, and no one had any idea what a man he was." But we do not test the reputation of Tennyson in the 19th century by looking in the works of Huxley and T. H. Green, nor of Shelley by looking in the treatises of John Stuart Mill. There is nothing so deceitful in history as this fallacy of Silence, nor so prolific. For are we seriously to suppose that the great men of the day, though they wrote on other subjects, never *talked* about Shakespeare? There is a fine world of talk behind all this bookish reticence, in which Shakespeare's name must have been often on the tongue. We could give up even the table-talk of Coleridge to have some of it. It was the misfortune of the critics of the 19th century that they could not understand these silences. They looked always for set criticism like their own, though in fact there *was* no such criticism, nor any demand for it. The men who might have written it had other things to do; they were writing plays of their own. As for that great body of the public which happily does not write, it did the next best thing; it clapped.

> Soul of the age!
> The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!

says Ben Jonson. There is a great deal of criticism in that word "applause." They clapped; millions of hands had clapped him. This was the body of Shakespearian criticism in that age, and it is gone with the hands that made it. The Romantic critics did not hear this clapping either, or, if they did, could never place it. They added their deafness to the crimes of the age. And yet we confess that whenever we think of that age and

Shakespeare—of the noisy group of dramatists of whom he was one, of the cheerful crowds who cracked nuts and roared for Falstaff, of the young men reciting him in their garrets and the great men quoting him over the wine—we find ourselves thinking last of those million hands, and of that great elegy in which his friend and fellow-playwright, Ben Jonson, forgetting all their differences, declared to the whole world that Shakespeare was the greatest genius not only of his own time and country, but of all countries and of all time.

II.

It is an amusing thing, the history of Shakespearian praise. Everybody is so deeply dissatisfied with everybody else's way of doing it. Now and then there comes a man like Dr. Johnson, who says to the applauders, "Enough of that," or a man like Mr. Shaw, who says, "Look at me instead"; but for the most part none of his admirers seems ever to be satisfied that any one else has praised Shakespeare enough. There is Dryden, in the next age, finding fault with Ben Jonson's eulogy as "sparing and invidious," though it is going a long way to call a man the greatest writer who ever lived; and our own Romantics, a hundred years or so later, retorting almost in the same words on Dryden himself. Why Dryden found fault with Ben one can guess; but one can *tell* why the Romantics found fault with Dryden. It is bad history again. They did not trouble to inquire what he and his friends were doing. They are an interesting group and they have one character in common, that they all admired Shakespeare and that they all wrote plays. They studied drama, therefore, not as we so often study it and as the Romantics studied it, as a thing in itself, but as a means to the great end of writing plays of their own. We are the students of Shakespeare. They were something rather finer; they were his pupils. When Dryden read the great scenes of Shakespeare a secret shame, he says, came over him that he should be so outmatched. We wish we could think that that feeling was not dead. This, then, is the great value of the criticism of Dryden's age, that it was written by experts in the art which Shakespeare professed, and written for a practical purpose in prologues and prefaces and epilogues to their own plays. You never get just such criticism again, for this conjunction of expert dramatist and Shakespearian critic in the same persons did not long survive the century.

The belief of Dryden, which so shocked our Romantics, that in some things his age had even improved on Shakespeare, was, even if it was mistaken, manly and generous. This is the secret of a productive age, that it believes in itself, and is not to be frightened by great names. There is no doubt that we have run this danger, and that, if there is any fault to be found with the almost ecstatic exaltation of Shakespeare in the 19th century, it is that by exalting Shakespeare, and especially the tragedies of Shakespeare, to the height which they now occupy we have a little oppressed the dramatic genius of our country.

It must have been a fine thing to read Shakespeare in the 17th century, before he had been elevated into a subject. There were no commentaries—none; nor anything else of that professional apparatus by which Shakespeare has in almost equal proportions benefited and suffered. We have about this uncontaminated Shakespeare something of the feeling that one has about a fine piece of country before the guide-books have found it out, and sigh when we see the knot of critics and editors begin to gather round him

on the threshold of the new century. They portend what was to come—much that was fine and more that was necessary, but much that was emphatically neither necessary nor fine. It was the great achievement of the 18th century that by its series of editions it did what was necessary, and by doing what was necessary made it possible for the Romantics to do what was fine. Of its other services to the understanding of Shakespeare—of such masterpieces as Johnson's "Preface" and Maurice Morgann's "Essay on Falstaff"—we would gladly say as much as they deserve. We are content to observe that a preface which made the Romantic criticism possible, and an essay which did more, which forestalled it, are now in these last few years becoming valued and familiar to the students of Shakespeare. It is a sign, if any were needed, that the old feud of the 18th and 19th centuries, which more than anything else distorted the criticism of the Romantics, is now in the 20th century seeking out a grave. We sometimes talk of the meaning of Shakespeare. The meaning of an author passes out of his control the moment he finds a reader. The meaning of Shakespeare is no longer what Shakespeare meant; it is what Shakespeare means to us. So far we are all Romantics. The whole meaning of Shakespeare is something richer still; it is what Shakespeare has meant to the three centuries of his readers since his day.

III.

For the future of Shakespearian interpretation, there are above all two hopeful signs: the disappearance of this feud of the centuries and the new activity of women. Considering what Shakespeare has done for them we cannot help thinking that women have done singularly little for Shakespeare. His comedies are a revel of feminine supremacy; he has done women more honor than any dramatist except Molière; and yet hardly any woman has applied to his works those powers, peculiar to their sex, which Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell have exerted in their novels: powers peculiar to women and out of the reach of men. We can recall only one woman in modern times who talks of Shakespeare's women as one woman in any drawing room will talk of another—Mary Coleridge; and she wrote nothing deliberate about Shakespeare, but scraps here and there, in diaries and letters, most femininely. She can tell us things that no man can tell us; about Isabella, for example, in *Measure for Measure:*—

> The real Isabella could not have borne the thought of any woman being married to Angelo.

When she says that, we believe her at once. Or when she says of Helena in *All's Well*, excusing her for her forwardness, that—

> She may be reckoned as one of those women who have ever proposed for men and kept their charm,

we believe her again. Or when she says flatly, of Claudio in *Much Ado*—"Claudio is impossible"—we feel that there is no more to be said. There is a passage in one of her sketches in which she imagines herself a man, and wonders which of Shakespeare's heroines she could have been happiest with:—

> Beatrice frightens me a little, but when I think of her at the other end of my dinner-table, Browning, Leighton, and Mr. Gladstone listening delightedly to her remarks, I am a proud and happy man. Rosalind would be perfection for a week in the New Forest at Easter. Portia would mean exile. One cannot imagine her out of Belmont; but she would be a charming winter wife.

It is a fragment of the spirit which we desire to see.

There is only one of Shakespeare's comic plays which we should warn women to avoid; the only comic play of Shakespeare's in which they could not possibly succeed: we mean *Henry IV.*, which we have always regarded as Shakespeare's recompense to men for his treatment of them in the comedies. In the comedies, in that scramble of wit which serves for love-making, it is always the ladies who win. An audience, perhaps, would tolerate nothing else; but in any case it is made easy, for the young men are never natural, which is as much as to say that they are never at their best. Now it is the great secret of the comedy of *Henry IV.* that it is masculine. The only women in it are Doll Tear-sheet and Dame Quickly, and you can see at once what freedom this gives. Even Falstaff must have ceased for some seconds to be master of his mind in the company of Rosalind; and this, no doubt, was what Dryden was thinking of when he said that Shakespeare was better at friendship and Fletcher at love. He felt that when Shakespeare's ladies had retired his men were so much—we will not say happier—but so much more themselves, over a glass of something. The sins of the flesh, which have a nervous attraction for Shakespeare's witty ladies, become broad and humorous for the first time when the ladies are away. There is no pertness in *Henry IV.;* all its wit is bathed in humor. One is tempted to suggest that humor is not a feminine thing. At any rate, it seldom flourishes when men and women are together, except by some special licence of friendship or family. Cheerful abuse of each other is the root of East-cheap humor; and this, we believe, is wholly unfeminine. Surely no fat lady ever lived who would take it like Falstaff. There is Bardolph, too. Recall Falstaff's *éloge* on Bardolph's nose; and recall how Bardolph received the news of Falstaff's death—

> Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

This is magnificent, and we are mistaken if it is not masculine also. We advise the ladies, therefore, while they try everything else, to avoid Falstaff; and we do so the more readily because we believe it will be no great hardship to them. Say what they may, they have never liked him. Even Mrs. Montagu, Queen of the Blues and arch-Shakespearian, gave him up as a beast; and we have Byron's word for Mme. de Staël:—

> To-day I dine with Mackintosh and Mrs. *Stale*—as John Bull may be pleased to denominate Corinne—whom I saw last night, at Covent Garden, yawning over the humor of Falstaff.

We believe that in this at any rate these two brilliant ladies represent their sex.

The Times.

THE HAT.

"Of course," said the lady of the house, "you can turn yourself into a hermit if you like. We'll build you a little cell, and——"

"What?" I said. "A real hermit, in a long robe like a bath-gown? With a real cell, and a dish of herbs on a plain deal table, and some rocks to sleep on, and a folio volume always open at the same place? May I really be like that?"

"Yes," she said, "that's what you're coming to. And there'll be a notice stuck up on a tree—'This way to the Hermit,' with a painted hand."

"I know the sort," I said. "A hand with only one finger."

"Yes, one finger pointing in the di-

rection of the cell. And all the village children will follow you when you go out, and you'll threaten them with a gnarled stick, and you'll be indicted as a nuisance."

"But not for a long time," I said. "I shall have lots of good hermiting before that happens. I shall have my breakfasts quite alone and nobody will ask me to go to Mrs. Latimer's musical afternoon in London, 4 to 7."

"Well, you're not a hermit yet, so you'll have to come to Mrs. Latimer's with me. You know you'll enjoy it when you get there."

"I won't."

"And you'll meet plenty of your friends."

"But I don't want to meet my friends," I said. "Friends are people you go on being friends with without meeting them. That's the essence of true friendship, you know. Absence doesn't alter it. You keep on thinking of dear old Jack and what fun you used to have together at Cambridge; and then some day a funny old gentleman comes up to you in the street and says you don't remember him, and you pretend you know him quite well, and it's Jack all the time, and you wonder how he's got so old while you yourself have kept on being as young as ever. That's friendship."

"This," she said, "is not an Essay Club."

"What should a woman know of friendship?" I said bitterly. "Besides, I shall have to get a new top-hat."

"Well," she said, "there's nothing so very awful in that. But what's the matter with the old one?"

"The old one," I said, "is a blacked sepulchre, and even the black part of it is not very good. The lining is of the sort that makes it necessary to place it on a table with the opening down. Fortunate woman, your hats require no lining and you don't take them off. You cannot sympathize with m feelings. Such a top-hat as mine is good enough for a Board meeting, but it cannot go to Mrs. Latimer's musical afternoon. Her footman would despise me."

"Very well," she said, "get your new hat and have it ready for this day fortnight."

The upshot of this conversation was that on the following day I went to London, wearing my old top-hat, and called at Messrs. Hutchfield's, the famous hatters. It is not a very large shop, but it is very high, and something like a million white hat-boxes, each presumably containing a hat, are stacked in gleaming tiers from floor to ceiling. The higher ones are fetched down by means of a long pole provided at one end with a sort of inverted hook. It is a most dexterous and pleasing trick, only to be attempted by an old hand. An inexperienced practitioner would certainly bring down an avalanche of hat-boxes on the heads of the customers. On one side of the room there is a patent stove in which several irons were heating, not for torture, but for the improvement of hats. Several aproned attendants were bustling about, and one or two customers with bare heads were eyeing one another with an exaggerated air of haughty nonchalance, as who should say, "Observe, we do not wear white aprons. We do not *belong* to the shop. We are genuine customers. We are waiting for our hats."

"Good morning," I said.

"Good morning, Sir," said one of the attendants; "what would you be requiring to-day?"

"I think," I said, "it was a hat. Yes, I'm sure it was. A top-hat, you know —one of your best."

"Pardon me, Sir." With a graceful and airy movement he whisked off my old hat and took its measure in length and breadth.

"You mustn't draw any inference

from the lining," I said. "I'm not really as poor as all that. I've meant to have it re-lined several times, but somehow I never brought it off. Still, it's been a good hat."

"Yes, Sir," he said.

"Could it be——"

"Oh, yes, Sir, we could re-line it for you and make it look almost as good as new."

"Splendid!" I cried. "Then I shan't want a new one, shall I?"

"Well, Sir, it would take some little time. You would want to wear something to go on with till it's finished."

"There is," I said, "some force in that. Put the machine on me at once."

"The what, Sir?"

"The machine," I said. "The beautifully contrived apparatus made of ever so many wooden keys like the inside of a piano—only these are set in circles. It fits close to the head and you can make it looser or tighter, and when you've got it on you look like a Siamese king in his crown. And when you take it off you tear out a piece of paper and that gives you the exact measure to a hair's-breadth. Come, I'm ready."

His face relaxed into a serious kind of smile.

"Certainly," he said, "you shall have it on, Sir, if you like. But I thought, being an old customer and your measure being known, it might not be necessary."

"Very well," I said, "I'll give up the machine, but I don't see how I can take any further pleasure in this purchase. Still, if you know me so well——"

"We don't forget customers of thirty years' standing," he said proudly.

"That settles it," I said. "I will now buy four hats—a top-hat, a bowler, a soft felt and a straw hat."

"Yes, Sir," he said, and from an upper tier he extracted a hat-box out of which he shortly produced a top-hat and placed it on my head. It did not fit at first, but fire soon reduced it to obedience.

"The others must be similarly treated," I said as I left the shop.

Unfortunately in the interval it had begun to rain and every taxi seemed to be taken. You know what a new top-hat looks like after that. However, with two hats to choose from, I am now ready to face Mrs. Latimer's footman.

R. C. L.

Punch.

PAIN, LIFE AND DEATH.

People of delicacy are disinclined publicly to discuss the physical experiences of the act of dying, not because they are unwilling to console themselves with the modern belief that the process is easy, but because they shrink from a subject which may let loose a flood of morbid speculation. The evidence on the subject which many of them could produce is too closely and painfully associated with the memory of dead relations and friends for them to add it to the material of general debate. But no one could object to the manner in which Professor J. Cook Wilson treated the subject in his recent letter to the *Times*. The dread that the apparent agony of many dying persons is a dire physical distress acutely felt is one of the greatest troubles to affectionate hearts. To be told, then, in simple and sincere words that one who passed through and recovered from such an agony—a prolonged struggle for breath painful to witness—was wholly

unconscious of it, and was able to declare that he had had "a very comfortable night," is a message of comfort to a great many persons. They will be grateful to Professor Wilson for having overcome a natural reluctance to bring forward his evidence.

Dr. Cameron Gillies followed up Professor Wilson's communication with a letter in which he introduced the fascinating consequential question of the use of pain in the world. As he says, pain has been regarded as the greatest of evils and a very great mystery. But it ceases to be a mystery if we regard it as what it really is—a condition of life. "Without pain," says Dr. Gillies, "the human race would make no progress and we should have no evolution in Nature." This may seem a hard saying to anyone whose thoughts turn instantly to some malign contrast between one person who spends a long life free from all physical suffering and another person, perhaps much more deserving, who endures a lifelong torture. Special cases, however, cannot alter the principle that pain is an absolute condition of existence, in the sense that it is the warning without which we should not be conscious of a declension from the true way of health. It is a danger-signal. Without it we should not even have a standard of health. Dr. Gillies quotes two very penetrating sayings which are prevalent in the Highlands of Scotland: "There is always peace before death" and "Where there is pain there is life." These proverbs are only other ways of saying that Nature gives her warnings just so long as they are of any use. When life cannot possibly be saved warning is useless and pain ceases. It may be said that we have forgotten the terrible pain suffered in innumerable "incurable" diseases, but to say that the warning is a kind of malicious jest in those cases is only to assume that medical science has reached finality and knows once for all which diseases are curable and which are not. But that is absurd. It is at all events true that in a critical illness the worst sign is the cessation of pain. Pain is a sign of struggle: of the remedial powers of the body combating the disease, and of the disease assaulting and trying to overcome the resistance of the body. Bacon in his essay on Death perceived the truth about the significance of pain when he pointed out the vainness of the friars, who in their books of mortification instructed their readers to imagine the pains of death by thinking what the pain is when the finger's end is pressed or tortured. If so much pain came from the finger, what must the pain be when the whole body was corrupted and dissolved? But says Bacon, "many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense." And again: "It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant perhaps the one is as painful as the other."

Many men, probably most men, would take no care of their health at all were it not that the signal of pain cuts in upon their life like the stroke of a warning bell. They are startled and are called suddenly to attention. They see that they cannot go on in the old way. They must give up this or that habit, and plan their clothing and their diet according to a strict method. It is consonant with this conception of pain as a condition of life that the fear of death (the fear being itself a kind of pain) should become less keen as the great fact of death draws on. To a young man the thought of death is intolerable. When he is a schoolboy he probably almost persuades himself that he is immortal. At thirty he confesses to himself that he is not immortal, but his horror of the thought of death and his resentment against

death are tremendous. With very old people this "almost bloodthirsty clinging to life," as Matthew Arnold called it, is virtually unknown. It may be that is a matter of vitality rather than of age, and that a very old person who had retained a high degree of vitality would be nearly as resentful of death as ever. But the vast majority of people certainly suffer a gentle and unconscious slackening of the senses. As they approach the portal of death they seem to be increasingly unconscious of its proximity. They are not crushed by the immensity of the great problem which they are about to solve. If they feel very strongly and persistently about anything, it is generally about the indifferent trifles of life. Nature, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, supplies her own anæsthetic. Anxiety to live is a form of pain implying the existence of a physical fitness for life. The danger-signal ceases to act when the warning would no longer serve a purpose. R. L. Stevenson remarked that some of the natives of the Marquesas Islands died for no reason except that under new political conditions, which offended their fundamental sentiments, they no longer had any interest in living. Seneca, similarly, had said that the cause of death might be what Bacon translated as "niceness and satiety."

The "death agony" is an unscientific conception. The vast majority of persons pass from life to death in a state of coma or unconsciousness. Everyone who has ever become unconscious from fainting, from virulent illness, or from an anæsthetic, has "died." Indeed, every time we fall asleep we "die." It is an illustration of the very vague distinction between death and states of the body which resemble death that no definition of death is possible except that it is a condition in which life cannot be restored. A "drowned" person who has ceased to breathe for perhaps half an hour is virtually dead, yet artificial respiration may restore life. If the body had been left alone, it would have been truly dead. The anticipation of death is the worst part of it, as Shakespeare recognized when he said that cowards die many times before their deaths, and as Browning appreciated when he definitely welcomed the approach of the "arch-fear in a visible shape," praying that he himself might not creep past with bandaged eyes, but might face his end consciously and proudly—might "feel the whole of it" and "fare like my peers, the heroes of old." Contempt for death, regarded only as a tribute to Nature, is a spiritually fortifying frame of mind, and of course it is right to feel that a fair death honors the whole life. But, after all, in a physical sense it is true that no great draft on our heroism is necessary, for if "life is much flattered, death is much traduced."

The Spectator.

TRAVELLERS AND THEIR BOOKS.

Dr. Johnson declared, in 1775, that writers of travels were "more defective than any other writers." A characteristic reason for this was assigned in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale: "Those whose lot it is to ramble can seldom write, and those who know how to write very seldom ramble." One may observe in passing that this sweeping condemnation seems to prove that Johnson had never dipped into the pages of Hakluyt, which Froude truly described as "the Prose Epic of the modern English nation." Nothing

in literature is more striking than the success almost uniformly attained by the unknown or forgotten authors of the English voyages in vivifying their records.

"In most cases the captain himself, or his clerk or servant, or some unknown gentleman volunteer sat down and chronicled the voyage which he had shared; and thus inorganically arose a collection of writings which, with all their simplicity, are for nothing more striking than for the high moral beauty, warmed with natural feeling, which displays itself through all their pages."

We know no more charming books in which to dip for recreation in an idle hour than the thirty-two volumes in which the enterprise of a modern publisher has reproduced the collections of Hakluyt and Purchas. They show how well the traveller may be inspired when he takes no account of so-called "literary" artifice, but is content to follow the advice of Sidney's muse:—

Look in thy heart and write.

The travellers of the eighteenth century, however, of whom Johnson was evidently thinking, had no such simple and adequate machinery to content them, and their readers were the sufferers. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the delightful passage in which Johnson, in his ninety-seventh "Idler," pokes fun at a kind of traveller who is still occasionally to be met with:—

"Of those who crowd the world with their itineraries, some have no other purpose than to describe the face of the country; those who sit idle at home, and are curious to know what is done or suffered in distant countries, may be informed by one of these wanderers, that on a certain day he set out early with the caravan, and in the first hour's march saw, towards the south, a hill covered with trees, then passed over a stream, which ran northward with a swift course, but which is probably dry in the summer months; that an hour after he saw something to the right, which looked at a distance like a castle with towers, but which he discovered afterwards to be a craggy rock; that he then entered a valley, in which he saw several trees tall and flourishing, watered by a rivulet not marked in the maps, of which he was not able to learn the name; that the road afterwards grew stony, and the country uneven, where he observed among the hills many hollows worn by torrents, and was told that the road was passable only part of the year; that going on they found the remains of a building, once, perhaps, a fortress to secure the pass, or to restrain the robbers, of which the present inhabitants can give no other account than that it is haunted by fairies; that they went to dine at the foot of a rock, and travelled the rest of the day along the banks of a river, from which the road turned aside towards evening, and brought them within sight of a village, which was once a considerable town, but which afforded them neither good victuals nor commodious lodging.

"Thus he conducts his reader through wet and dry, over rough and smooth, without incidents, without reflection; and, if he obtains his company for another day, will dismiss him again at night, equally fatigued with a like succession of rocks and streams, mountains and ruins. This is the common style of those sons of enterprise who visit savage countries, and range through solitude and desolation; who pass a desert, and tell that it is sandy; who cross a valley, and find that it is green. . . . He that reads these books must consider his labor as its own reward; for he will find nothing on which attention can fix, or which memory can retain."

This amusing criticism is to-day applicable only to a small percentage of travellers. Mr. Kipling is not fond of the globe-trotter who travels for days and writes for weeks, the result being sometimes a book which could have been spared. But on the whole the

modern traveller has freed himself from the reproach of dullness which was brought, with some justice, against his eighteenth-century predecessor. To any one who has in the course of his business to glance through the books published week by week it is apparent that books of travel make the biggest heap after fiction, theology, and educational works. The surprising thing is that they keep up to so high a standard of interest. The world is so well known nowadays that it seems difficult for the average globe-trotter to write a book about his experiences which has any real justification for existing. So far as actual descriptions of landscape and scenery, of hills and cities, are concerned, this is true enough. Most of the world has been examined and described, mapped and photographed, and reduced within the limits of the adequately known. It is only the exceptional traveller who has anything new to tell under this head; and even in the books of a Scott or a Shackleton it is rather the adventurous element, the tale of hardships bravely borne or resourcefully surmounted, than the merely topographical element which attracts the reader. The traveller who goes in search of purely geographical knowledge is rare, and those who still aspire to interest the world with a record of their journeys must bear in mind Johnson's further maxim: "He that would travel for the entertainment of others should remember that the great object of remark is human life."

In the tantalizing fragment of what should have been one of the greatest of travel books Stevenson lays it down that the traveller who wishes to have anything noteworthy to tell must learn to rouse and share the "sense of kinship" between himself and the denizens of other lands. The ability to do this—not merely among the Marquesans or the Eskimo, but also in Provence, the Engadine, or the Cumberland dales—is the one qualification that makes travel pleasant at the time and profitable in the retrospect. We do not deny that a keen lover of scenery may have a thoroughly delightful tour round the world without ever speaking to a soul, except a steward or a waiter; as a race, indeed, Englishmen are rather notorious for "keeping themselves to themselves" when they travel. But the globe-trotter who wants to write a book about his experiences will be prudent to keep his ears open as well as his eyes, and fill his note-book with conversations and human impressions, rather than with word-paintings of sunsets and landscapes. Such a book as Mr. Stefánsson, the young Canadian explorer, has lately given us about the Eskimo is worth a hundred of the average records of travel, because once for all it answers the questions that we are all inclined to ask about an exotic and alien form of life. But then Mr. Stefánsson is a professional, whilst the average writer of a book of travel is only an amateur. He devoted some five years to living with the Eskimos like an Eskimo, thus establishing that "sense of kinship" mentioned by Stevenson through which alone it is possible to get at the heart of the life of any race. It would be unfair to ask every writer to make similar sacrifices in devotion to an idea; but if any one wants the recipe for writing a really notable travel-book, he cannot do better than follow Mr. Stefánsson's lead.

Among books of travel, however, as in most other departments of literature, it is impossible to lay down any definite rules for success. The writer's enthusiasm may vary from the history of the past to the developments of the future, from a chance of getting killed to a chance of getting statistics or orchids. Here, as elsewhere, we are

reduced to acknowledge with Voltaire:—

Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.

The only unforgivable thing is to bore your reader. As long as that is avoided it is possible to write a successful book of travel, even if your migration has never been further than from the blue bed to the brown, or (like Alphonse Karr's) round the garden. We must not, of course, be supposed to mean that it is playing the game fairly to write about Tibet without having, at least, made an effort to get there, or to describe the ascent of Chimborazo without ever having left the base camp. We only mean that the man who can see with his own eyes, and has the gift of describing what he has seen and felt in that indefinable but easily recognized fashion which differentiates literature from book-making, is the best of travel-writers; it really does not matter very much where he goes. The real classics in this branch of literature are all "sentimental journeys," in which the personality of the author is more important than his route. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" and "Inland Voyage," Mr. Morley Roberts's "Western Avernus," Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," Whymper's "Scrambles among the Alps," and Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Path to Rome" hold a place in our affections which is more enviable than the respect we pay to Cook and Anson, Stanley and Livingstone, Peary and Nansen. But it must be acknowledged that nothing is more pitiful than the "sentimental journey" which is not of the first class; in this respect it ranks with poetry—it is either very good or it is horrid. We seriously believe that a hundred men could write a new "Crossing of Greenland" or "Through the Dark Continent" for one who could satisfy us with a new "Inland Voyage." These masterpieces are few and far between.

The Athenæum.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS NATURALIST.*

The autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt is a very interesting book to the politician or to the political anthropologist; but here I am rightly restricted to reviewing only that part of the book which touches on natural science.

When Mr. Roosevelt entered upon office as President, he found the American Government as represented by Congress and the Senate, comparatively indifferent to the conservation of beauty in the United States—beauty in the form of magnificent trees, magnificent wild beasts, remarkable and beautiful birds, and romantic landscapes. American Senators and Congressmen did not see—any more than British Chambers of Commerce see—that all such things were assets of great national value, of economic importance, indeed. The destruction of bird life throughout the United States was already causing far-reaching plagues of insects, which consumed fruit and vegetables on the extravagant scale in which all natural movements are carried out in North America. American politicians did not appreciate the frightful damage which was being done to the whole North American Continent—Canada as well as the United States—by the unchecked forest fires and the lumberman's lust for destruction amongst the

* "Theodore Roosevelt. An Autobiography." Pp. xii plus 647. (London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1913.) Price 10s. 6d. net.

timber of the United States' forests, without any thought of simultaneous measures being taken for reafforestation.

Mr. Roosevelt was not, of course, the first or the greatest pioneer in a movement which has already had most beneficial results in the conservation of beauty and natural resources, and has culminated in the attempt of the United States to set right the bird question throughout the world. Already in the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century the idea of national parks had come into existence. The Yellowstone region was set apart as a reserve in which natural phenomena, native trees, and native wild beasts could continue to exist for the wonderment and delight of a new generation. The Yosemite Valley and the big trees of California had been similarly protected from unreasoning destruction. But Theodore Roosevelt, though he had won his spurs as a hunter (and the best book that he wrote about wild life, by-the-by, is not his excellent work on East Africa, but "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter"), had, by the time he became Vice-President, conceived a great love for the natural beauties of a landscape and the presence therein of bird and beast.

During his seven and a half years' tenure of the United States Presidency Mr. Roosevelt established, or caused to be established, fifty-one national bird reservations in seventeen of the United States, as well as in Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska. Amongst these reservations was the celebrated Pelican Island rookery in Indian River, Florida—now world-famous from the beautiful scenes depicted by photography and kinematography; the Mosquito Inlet reservation in Florida (chiefly for the protection of the manati), the reservation of the Kalmarth lake and marsh in Oregon (chiefly for the wild ducks, geese, and swans of the western United States); the Tortugas Quay, Florida, for studying the habits of sea-birds and migratory birds; and the great bird colonies (for the protection of albatrosses and petrels) on the Island of Laisan in the Hawaii group, in which direction he intervened after the appalling revelations of bird slaughter by the plumage hunters were made known through the efforts of Dr. Hornaday, Mr. James Buckland, and others. His influence brought about the creation of five national parks in Oregon, in South Dakota, Oklahoma, North Dakota, and Colorado, and the organization of four big game reserves in Oklahoma, Dakota, Montana, and Washington, and game laws and game reservations in the vast territory of Alaska.

Mr. Roosevelt also secured the enactment of measures which in the United States not only saved the remains of the bison from extermination, but have led to the gradual increase in numbers and possible future existence of this remarkable bovine. But he has not yet succeeded in making the American Republic call the bison by its right name, instead of the misleading title of buffalo. He is, I fear, rather an advocate for the retention or adoption of a whole series of American misnomers—elk instead of wapiti; bobcat instead of lynx, mountain-lion instead of puma. In most cases these American terms are the more to be regretted since, with the exception of the puma, nearly all the great mammals of North America had representatives in the fauna of temperate Eurasia, and the English names for these creatures (wapiti, it is true, is Canadian) have a great ancestry going back to the earliest development of Aryan speech in the days of improved stone implements.

What Mr. Roosevelt did for forest preservation is set forth somewhat meagrely in the book under review.

Since his quitting the Presidency there has been a set-back under the four years of Mr. Taft, when the recalcitrant party in the Senate got its way, and the lumbermen were once more permitted to destroy unreasoningly. Mr. Roosevelt thoroughly appreciates the fact that the reafforesting of the United States is a matter of vital importance for climatic reasons, as well as for others, and that the disforesting of these vast territories either by the woodman's axe or by the forest fires, would be a legitimate cause of complaint for the adjoining Dominion of Canada, as the climate of Canada would be affected disadvantageously.

H. H. Johnston.

Nature.

LES FEMMES QUI TUENT.

There is bitter irony in the fate of M. Gaston Calmette. For over two months the brilliant editor of a brilliant journal had labored to ruin the most powerful member of the French Cabinet. The ruin is effected at last, but only at the cost of M. Calmette's life. Against M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance, the dead journalist had used every weapon in the well-furnished armory of his intellect. The attack was conducted with a ferocity rare even in French polemics. A well-documented case was presented with crushing force. Satire, wit, invective, innuendo, prophetic wrath, a lucidity of exposition and a brilliancy of style that made the daily indictment the most popular serial in Paris—no device was neglected to compass the downfall of a Minister whose ascendancy M. Calmette, and many others, considered a danger to France. M. Caillaux had been overwhelmed by the revelation of his irregular negotiations with the German Government in 1911. It seemed at the time that the Minister who had incurred the wrath of all energetic patriots of the "New France" School was doomed, like Satan, never to hope again. But this capable and aspiring financier, by a strange turn of events, once more became, though nominally in a subordinate post, the controlling influence in a French Cabinet. M. Calmette determined to dislodge him; and for two months he carried on the vendetta with the remorseless logic and the intellectual brutality peculiar to gifted Frenchmen. The victory which might have been denied to Calmette living is won by Calmette dead. Madame Caillaux' revolver shot has made more than Assize Court history. It has robbed France of a clever man of letters. It has apparently ruined a dexterous and ambitious politician, perhaps too clever for true statesmanship. It will probably wreck the Ministry. It may quite conceivably deflect the course of French affairs, and even modify European history for some years to come.

And these large consequences are to be traced to—what? Simply, it would seem, to the sensitive nervous system of Madame Caillaux. She was annoyed, quite naturally, by the stream of virulent denunciation which flowed daily from the Rue Drouet. It vexed her to hear people talk about the "horrible" things of which her husband was accused. She resented especially some loose statement that a certain pearl necklace of her own was a present from the German Government. She wanted to bring an action for libel, but her lawyer advised her to leave things alone. "Then," she says, "I quickly resolved what to do. I bought a Browning pistol." The pistol was loaded, a note was written to M. Cail-

laux telling him that justice would be done, and the rest of the afternoon this remarkable murderess occupied in playing the piano and sending out invitations. Then she drove off to the newspaper office to give the unfortunate editor a "lesson." Probably she meant, as she says, only to wound M. Calmette. But excited women who set out to do a thing almost invariably overdo it, and it is not surprising that the unhappy editor's first lesson was also his last.

Such are the main features of this atrocious deed. The crime of Madame Caillaux is exceptional. Her mental processes are so far from exceptional that the drama of the Rue Drouet possesses, as a psychological problem, no little interest to us on this side of the Channel. We are already familiar with the effect of political excitement on the female organization. Years ago, long before women had begun to knock at the doors of the Senate house, the younger Dumas wrote a little book entitled "Les femmes qui tuent et les femmes qui votent," two classes which he separated indeed, but apparently believed to have much in common. His general conclusion—that there would be trouble when woman had emancipated herself from religion; when she had seized, in her quick, impulsive way, the main ideas underlying modern scientific teaching; and when she seriously attempted to seize direct political power—has been amply justified by events. So far the woman who wants to vote has shown herself also to be the woman who wants to destroy. It can scarcely be otherwise. For compromise is the essence of politics, and woman knows not the meaning of that word. Philosophy in failure, moderation in success, scepticism in speculation, calm optimism in action, a faculty of coolly estimating chances, some sense of humor—these are the ordinary qualities of every public man, from the Prime Minister down to the Chairman of a Board of Guardians. Together they form the "horse sense" demanded as the first essential in business. But woman is not made that way. She is not a trimmer. In love, in business, in pleasure, in virtue, and in wickedness she knows no middle course. She may be a spendthrift or a niggard, but judicious open-handedness she seldom understands. It is scarcely more possible for women to be moderate in politics than moderate in virginity. They either care nothing at all for public questions or care for them so much that they want to burn down the houses of all who oppose their ideas. Madame Caillaux, killing an editor merely because he annoyed her, is only pressing to the extreme the logic of those women who horsewhip Ministers and hack masterpieces. The "femme qui tue" is indeed closely akin mentally, as Dumas suggested, to the woman who wants the vote. The typical crimes of women—the shooting of faithless sweethearts, the removal of inconvenient husbands, the persecution of step-children, and so forth—are due to a faulty sense of proportion. They represent the mastery of reason by the emotions. It is the same tyranny of the organization that leads well-bred women into rowdyism from which far coarser masculine types would shrink.

The Saturday Review.

UNDERCURRENTS IN RUSSIA.

(By a Russian Merchant.)

The apparent strength of public finance and the apparent calm of politics in Russia conceal undercurrents which might at almost any time transform the whole system of government. Investors and others who hold a stake in Russian enterprises must take stock of the position. Sudden changes in high responsible Government posts, such as have taken place recently, are so usual in Russia, where they depend solely on the will of an autocratic ruler, that most people abroad do not attach much significance to them. Those, however, who know Russia well see in the person of the new Premier a clear indication that new influences have gained the upper hand at Court.

Alexander III. was a man of strong mind and character, whose political views hardly varied, and under his *régime* the National, ultra-Conservative, or so-called Pan-Russian party, headed by Pobedonoszow, ruled with hard and fanatic hand. But his son Nicolas II., is emotional and easily influenced. With him the more liberal-minded Court party succeeded to power, but have not been able to keep a constant hold on their position. In the fluctuating policy which has failed to carry out promises of reform, and is now withdrawing privileges actually granted, lies a main source of growing discontent all over the country. The recent change in the presidency of the Cabinet Council places a trusted servant of Alexander III. in the vacant seat. Goremykin was Minister of the Interior as Home Secretary during the last years of the reign of Alexander III. A Russian Home Secretary, especially at that time, possessed unlimited power, for he was responsible for his actions only to the Czar. Under the present Czar's *régime* Goremykin held the position he now holds as successor to Count Witte, of whose liberal policy and reforms the Court circle became afraid in 1905. He only held the post a short time: long enough, however, to dissolve the first representative body Russia had elected for legislative purposes. His nomination warrants the view that the Pan-Russians are at present again in power. M. Kokovtsoff combined the posts of President of the Cabinet and Minister of Finance. To the latter post M. Bark has been nominated. He is one of the few Russian high officials who is not a complete bureaucrat, for, after holding a lucrative position for many years as managing director of the Wolga-Kama Bank, he gave it up for a political career, and has since been Assistant Minister of Commerce—a position comparable to that of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. Although attached to the Pan-Russian Conservative party he is considered an able and intelligent financier.

In a published rescript the Czar has instructed the new Finance Minister to reorganize the finances in such a way that Russia may be independent of the spirit monopoly. The anti-alcohol movement is fashionable in St. Petersburg, and the Czar has been genuinely moved by the disastrous evils he has seen. This movement was utilized by the Conservatives as a means of overthrowing Kokovtsoff. The irony of the present situation is that his fall was thus immediately due to attacks on the monopoly which he took over on succeeding Count Witte. Count Witte, who himself inaugurated the spirit monopoly, much to the general dissatisfaction of the country at the time, denounced Count Kokovtsoff in the Imperial Council for patronizing the

spirit monopoly to such a degree that the balance of the State Budget now depends mainly on it, and for pandering to the drunkenness of the nation.

Any Finance Minister, however able, may find it difficult to reorganize a Budget of Russia's dimensions, which depends to the extent of nearly one-third on the spirit monopoly. Its abolition must mean the introduction of an income-tax, as no other source could make up the difference, and it is an open question whether even such new taxation could effect this. Certainly the new Minister takes over Russia's finances in a state far superior to that in which Count Kokovtsoff found them after the Japanese war, when, during the revolutionary movement, experienced men considered Russia on the verge of bankruptcy. To-day the Russian gold reserve has reached the unheard-of sum of 1,600 million roubles, and a newly contracted loan will enable the country to be opened up by increased railway construction. Time will show how far the new Finance Minister can maintain the present comparatively sound financial position on a new basis of direct taxation.

Underneath all this, however, discontent is growing in practically every class of the population. Not only will the fanatical national policy now inaugurated anew probably be enforced with rigor under the new *régime* on the alien nations living in Poland, the Baltic provinces, Finland, &c.; in addition discontent is fostered by a policy of gradual diminution of local administration as it exists in Russia proper. The so-called County Councils, Zemstwos, are absolutely dependent on the local Governors of the respective province, whose task is to curtail existing rights. Even Russia's two capital cities, Moscow and St. Petersburg, cannot, practically, elect their own chief administrator without the approbation of the Government. Moscow's elected Mayor has, at the last two elections, not been recognized by the Government owing to his advanced political views, and consequently the past year the town has been without one. St. Petersburg's Mayor has been appointed by the Government without considering the wishes of the inhabitants, and although the present Mayor, Count Tolstoi, formerly Minister of Education, is a perfect gentleman and courtier, he is not strong enough to cope with municipal corruption. All this arouses discontent in classes hitherto moderate and non-revolutionary. But there is a still greater danger in the rising discontent of the working classes. Their organization is perfect, and is specially designed for political purposes. The strength of the movement, and the fact that its centre cannot be discovered, have alarmed the Government. For many months past sudden and sporadic strikes lasting a day or two, and stopping work, have been secretly ordered by the unknown leaders to test their power. On January 23rd, the anniversary of the Revolution of 1905, work was abandoned for the day in all the industrial centres of Russia, silent demonstrations taking place in the streets. These are signs of existing discontent, and of a power which, when the time comes, will know how to act. But how blind, or unwilling to hear the truth, the Pan-Russian party is, is evident from their reception of the brilliant speech made the other day in the Imperial Council by Baron Rosen, Russia's former Ambassador in Washington and Tokio. The speech, moderate in tone, was a warning to the Government not to overlook necessary reforms, and to grant them before they are forced to do so. Baron Rosen's warnings before the outbreak of the Japanese war were ignored; in the same way, his advice is put aside and ridiculed by the Con-

servative and Nationalist Press to-day, although Baron Rosen is himself a Conservative.

That there is discontent no one will deny, and it is firmly believed that a secret organization, similar to the one at work in 1905, is only waiting for the opportunity to take action. Two events may precipitate such a political outbreak. One is the country's entanglement in a war. A war party exists in Russia, and is identified with the party at present in power. The Slav banquets during the Balkan War, and the inflammatory and Chauvinistic speeches delivered at them, will be remembered, and if Count Kokovtsoff and M. Sasonoff, the Foreign Minister, had not forbidden them at the time, they would probably have done damage to the cause of peace. To-day it is rumored that M. Sasonoff, who always sided with Count Kokovtsoff, will retire before long, and the Slav banquets be once more permitted. War comes when it is least expected, and if such dangerous elements as those of the Russian war party are permitted to use their influence freely, encouraged, as at present, by Russia's large gold reserve, there may be danger to European peace. Such a war, whatever its result, is sure to be followed in Russia by another revolution, as was the conclusion of the war with Japan.

A second event which would have the same effect of precipitating a revolutionary movement would be the accession to the throne of one of the Grand Dukes. The sad condition of the Czarewitch's health does not make it likely that he will succeed his father on the throne. The Czar's brother, who lives in England, having contracted a morganatic marriage, has forfeited thereby all his rights of succession. The heir presumptive is thus the Grand Duke Cyril, first cousin to the Czar. The Grand Dukes are generally unpopular in Russia, having often given good reason for being so. Should one of them in future succeed to the throne, the supersession of the Czar's brother might easily cause a revolutionary movement amongst the vast mass of the peasantry similar to that which took place when Nicolas I. superseded his brother Constantine. This time, however, an organized movement would be set on foot. Apart from this, it is possible that the present police rule will continue for some time to suppress any revolutionary movement of importance, but sooner or later the people will demand reforms, and demand a Constitution which no force will be able to suppress.

The Economist.

CAN HAPPINESS BE TAUGHT?

How far virtue can be taught has always remained an unsettled question. Moral philosophers, among the ancients as among the moderns, have commonly inclined towards its teachability. For if virtue be wholly or mainly a gift of nature, like a good verbal memory or a fine ear for music, or if it is the product of personal circumstances, the *rôle* of the moral philosopher becomes a trifling one. So philosophers, from Socrates and Confucius to Kant, Bentham, and Spencer, have held that, not merely conventional morality, but the feelings and character that sustain it, can be educated. They have no doubt differed widely upon the part played by reason and the art of demonstration in the process, and Aristotle's identification of reason with virtue in the life of the soul has seemed a hard saying to those famil-

iar with the actual play of motives in conduct. The same dispute as to the "inborn" or "acquired" nature of "grace" has divided theologians, but it has seldom prevented them from insisting upon the importance of the part which the Church or the priest and preacher can play in evoking or confirming goodness.

It is, however, by no means our intention to reopen this great secular controversy. We name it only because it is closely linked with the issue raised in a volume of the well-known French savant, Jean Finot, just translated under the title, "The Science of Happiness" (Putnams). To many readers, the title, at any rate in English dress, will appear singularly inappropriate for a volume of ecstatic affirmations, seasoned with illustrative stories and maxims drawn from various reading and personal reminiscence. It betrays a courage and an ingenuousness which belong to French culture rather than to our own. No great literary Englishman since Ruskin has dared to move thus freely in the regions of great moral commonplaces. This timidity is a failing of our intellectual men. Our philosophy has become too exclusively technical to afford easy nourishment to the wider educated public. They are thus left to the vaporing of the popular pulpiteer, or the literary extravagances of writers belonging to the Christian Science or other schools devoted to the task of "jollying" people into goodness, health, and happiness. The popularity of such a work as this of M. Finot, crowned by the French Academy and translated from its tenth edition, has its significance in the fact that French culture is capable of occupying itself seriously with the great moral commonplaces. There is nothing novel in M. Finot's discussion. But it is worth while having from a Frenchman of intellectual distinction a free personal statement of his liberal optimism, with its powerful insistence upon the right and power of all men to achieve happiness. For, as the author points out, great thinkers, whether speaking in the guise of philosophers, theologians, or littérateurs, have, upon the whole, exercised a blighting influence upon man's general view of his nature and destiny. Philosophy and religion have served to cast a gloom on life for most men: their emphasis on restraint instead of self-expression, upon prohibitions rather than on encouragements, has brought into relief the badness rather than the goodness of human nature, and by its depressing influence has tended on the whole to make the badness worse. Golden rules and formal injunctions of love and charity stand out against the darker records of religious history. Excepting for little groups of mystics, the dogmatic teaching of religion and philosophy has done nothing to instil a sense of happiness. Their very names have carried a burden of depression.

Nor is the record of great literature, so far as it furnishes a criticism of life, found to be much more favorable. The French nature is commonly supposed to hold a richer fund of happiness than ours; for there must be some deeper source for the gaiety which bubbles on the surface. Yet in no country has the thinking process yielded so much Dead-sea fruit. "Look at a single islet of the mind, the corner of a century of French intellectuality. Analyze poets like Baudelaire or de Musset, Lamartine or de Vigny; philosophers like Renan or Taine; novelists like Flaubert, Maupassant, Goncourt, Zola, or their descendants; historians, sociologists, and you will find among all these representations of the French mentality of the second half of the nineteenth century the same feeling of disgust

with life. Sensual or depraved, refined or sublimated, rational, raving or resigned, the pessimistic conception dominates. It assumes every form, but these forms cover the same devolution." Nor is this a passing phase. With certain rare exceptions M. Finot finds literature a disenchantment. Its beauties, even its glories and the pleasures that they bring, are floating on a dark sea of pessimism. The comedy of life is helpless against tragedy, which is the *vis motrix* in the literature of power. The very magnificence of the effect of the great Sophoclean chorus, "Love, invincible in battle," or of Shakespeare's majestic eulogy, "What a piece of work is a man!" is derived from the rare audacity of such assertions.

The underlying assumption in this indictment, we are inclined to hold, is that thought itself is a painful and depressing process, evoked in man as a safeguard against dangers and evils, and, therefore, naturally disposed to cast itself into the work of furnishing restraints and medicines. If this be so, it does not easily lend itself to a "science of happiness." The very phrase carries to the ordinary mind a sense of incongruity, if not of contradiction. Can happiness be ground out of any logical mill, or acquired by carrying out any prescriptions of the intellect? Such criticism is, however, as applied to M. Finot, somewhat unfair. For, though there is science in his title, there is none in his treatment. It is an interesting and emotional affirmation of the rules for the wise conduct of life which experience lays down for those capable of listening and following. "To be Happy we must wish to be so." "Let us avoid Anger." "To live rightly it is necessary to possess the consciousness of the dignity of men." "Happiness depends on the extent of our Love." "Let us harmonize our mental and our physical activity." Such is the naïve breviary which he composes for what he terms "a pedagogy of the happy life." The stress is laid upon our inward life, which circumstances may impede but cannot command. Its fulness is not contained in "bonheur," which is too dependent upon the things without and too limited, as its etymology suggests, in time. "Happiness, when it strikes its roots into our inward life, is transformed into felicity."

But can this Happiness be taught, and is there a "Science" of it? Discussing religious experience, M. Finot dismisses it from the region of "the demonstrable" precisely on the ground that it is the product of feeling or of "individual sensation." But is the "religiousness" which, after creeds and dogmas are discarded, he desiderates as a condition of happiness, less individual or more demonstrable? Our own experience of life does not support the notion that reason or education can do as much as M. Finot thinks to make men either virtuous or happy. Any intellectual effort or training, expressly devised for the purpose, is apt to defeat itself. The kingdom of happiness cometh not by observation! Perhaps a legitimate distinction may be drawn, as also in the case of virtue, between the excellence which comes as an inborn or instinctive quality, and that which is attained by a sound exercise of the understanding and the will. But the latter can hardly dispense with the former. It is as difficult to make men good and happy by education as by Act of Parliament, though it is the natural pride of educationalists to imagine that it can be done.

Much more will be achieved by so improving and levelling circumstances that the natural seeds of goodness and of happiness may have soil to grow in, and wholesome air to breathe, than by teaching a "science of happiness." The

best that the "art" of education can do for happiness is to remove the repressing influences of moral and religious prohibitions, and to substitute ideas and images of brightness, beauty, joy, and encouragement, which shall furnish nutriment and stimulus to the natural powers of happiness that are the very sap of life, and bind man to man in the larger union of humanity. Here is a concrete reform for pedagogy, to teach the history of nature and of man in evolution as a growing process of varied co-operation, motived and conducted by community of interests and feelings, and ever forwarding the conquest of Nature, which consists in closer harmony between Man and Nature, as between Man and Man. To dwell upon the struggles and conflicts incidental to this process, and to ignore or to disparage the growing harmony and the ideal atonement which give purpose and value to the history of Nature and of man, is for the educationalist to play the Devil's game, plying the tender mind with suggestions of evil, conflict and misery, instead of helping the feelings of goodness, love, and happiness to win their rightful sway over the growing will.

The Nation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In the Home University Library of Henry Holt & Co., there is published a volume on "Unemployment" by A. C. Pigou, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. The subject which Professor Pigou discusses, in this moderate-sized book, from the point of view of an economist, is one which an increasing number of people are discussing, some rather crudely and some very passionately. Professor Pigou's volume will be found a help to clear thinking and a better understanding of fundamental principles. Nothing so conduces to clear writing as clear thinking; and by virtue of this important gift, the author succeeds in making an abstract and rather difficult subject perfectly intelligible to the general reader.

"Alma's Junior Year" by Louise M. Breifenbach (The Page Company) is the third volume in the Hadley Hall Series, and, like the two earlier volumes, is a lively and readable story of school-girl life. Alma is of course a year older, for the preceding volume told of her sophomore year; but she is as sincere and straightforward as ever, and there are plenty of things happening to enliven her course and that of her girl friends,—house-parties, ice carnivals, canoeing and other diversions, besides the more serious occupations of school life. Also, not too far distant, are the boys of the Canton school. The story is brightly told, and there is no lack of incident. There are half a dozen illustrations by John Goss.

From "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" by George Gissing, which ran through several numbers of The Fortnightly Review a dozen years ago, some one, who describes himself as W. R. B. has taken some of the most beguiling passages relating to books and reading, and made of them a pretty and attractive volume which Thomas B. Mosher publishes under the title "Books and the Quiet Life." They are well chosen and will make a strong appeal to true book-lovers, so intimate are they in the glimpses which they

afford of the writer's mind, and so just and clear in their estimates of literary values. In typography and format, the book is a delight to the eye.

The youthful hero of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) surpasses Mr. Aldrich's "bad boy" in the range and variety of his mischief and misadventures. From the doubtful part which he plays in the "Pageant of the Table Round" at the beginning to his abrupt exit from the Tango at the end he does more amusing things and has more amusing things happen to him than fall to the lot of many boys even in this progressive age. His biographer understands him well and narrates his exploits with zest. No fun-loving boy can read the story without falling under its spell, but it will be just as well for his own peace of mind and that of his family and friends if he does not emulate Penrod in some of his performances. There are a dozen clever illustrations by Gordon Grant.

In "Cap'n Dan's Daughter,"—Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln's latest story—a clever Cape Cod girl guides her father and mother in the way that they should go, when they come into a fortune, and outwits those who would lay snares for their feet. It is a longer tale than Mr. Lincoln usually bestows on his readers, but it is not too long, in its account of the unhappy rise and happy decline of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dott, to their pleasant after estate. Mr. Lincoln cannot excite himself over clothes and dinners, and the petty politics of women's clubs, but upon the plotting, supplanted heir, and the rascally butler, his ally, he falls with really fine enjoyment. Gertrude Dott, the Cap'n's daughter, adroit, and able to direct affairs, and to control a formidable situation, steadily and secretly, excellently presents the young woman growing up in the modern college. Naturally, the happiest passages are those in which Mr. Lincoln can indulge his capacity for nautical humor, and the closing chapters are well wrought up to the happy ending. D. Appleton & Co.

"Sunshine Jane," the last story which Anne Warner French will ever give to the readers who found her so delightful during her brief period of successful authorship, is such a work of humorous cheerfulness as any novelist might be happy to leave keeping his memory green. Undoubtedly, Charity is the greatest of the Christian graces, but Faith so nearly approaches it, and Hope is so essential to the fruition of either that the blindest simpleton must perceive that each would be vain without the others. But to provide an illustration that will also be a proof is a difficult task. Mrs. French performed it with apparent ease, but those who know her two "Susan Clegg" books, and the "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" will see that her road has led upward all the way, both in spirituality and in mental growth. The heroine is a girl with a genius for nursing, and for household management, and able to widen her capacity when the needs of her neighbor demand it, until the whole village is under her beneficent control, and to concentrate it until the husband who has come to her out of nowhere agrees with her that "everything is rightest right." The only flaw in the perfect bliss is that the cat will scratch at his white bow while he waits for his share of the wedding luncheon. A more joyous little story never was penned by a dying hand, but there is plenty of spice mingled with its sweetness. Evidently Mrs. French enjoyed the toil of writing it. It is impossible to avoid its demand for warm personal interest. One must

wonder reverently if where she is, "the angels passing to and fro, do not" bend smiling as they pass to look upon her. Little, Brown & Co.

Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard University has translated from the German, and Mr. H. Addington Bruce edits, with an Introduction, a volume on "The Education of Karl Witte, or the Training of the Child" which will be recognized as an important contribution to the discussion of proper educational methods. The book of which this is a condensed translation is extremely rare and the boy whose career it describes was born more than a century ago, yet it bears upon an extremely modern question,—the question whether it is wise to begin the education of a child about as soon as it is born, or to wait until what is commonly known as the "school age." Whatever the pros and cons of this question may be, Karl Witte was a concrete illustration of the possibilities of the former method. At the age of nine he could read in five languages besides his own, and had read Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Cicero, Ossian, Fénelon, and Metastasio, besides Schiller and other German writers. He matriculated at Leipsic University before he was ten, was given the Ph.D. degree before he was fourteen, and at the age of sixteen was made a Doctor of Laws and appointed to the teaching staff of the University of Berlin. Yet he was no anemic and puny youngster, but grew up strong and vigorous and carried on his scholastic activities to the ripe old age of eighty-three. The story of the methods by which these results were accomplished is fully told in this volume by the boy's father who began the serious instruction of his child about as soon as he could walk. Mr. Bruce, in his Introduction, groups a number of modern instances in which similar methods have been followed by similar results. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The enduring value of P. M. Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases" is attested by the fact that, although it was first published more than half a century ago, it still holds its unique place in spite of all the work done by later lexicographers. It is now given a new lease of life in a large-type thin-paper edition published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co. This new edition is edited by C. O. Sylvester Mawson, whose fitness for such a task can scarcely be disputed in view of his experience as associate editor of the Standard English Dictionary, consulting specialist to the Oxford English Dictionary, revising editor of Webster's New International Dictionary, and revising editor of Sanskrit and Anglo-Indian terms in the Century Dictionary. Mr. Mawson has followed the plan of the original work in most particulars, but has greatly enlarged it and has added many wholly new features. He has marked all obsolete words, and has specially distinguished all slang and cant words from those of unchallenged acceptance. He has for the first time introduced Americanisms, taking special care to include in this characterization only words and phrases which are truly American. He has added numerous phrases and quotations, citing their authors, and has revised, corrected and enlarged the Index. Altogether, what with the new and experienced scholarship which has been expended upon it, and the large type and convenient form in which it has been presented, the "New Thesaurus" may be described without exaggeration as the largest, most varied and most up-to-date dictionary of synonyms accessible to students and writers to-day.